HAT PRICE EDUCATION?
By JOHN ERSKINE

SMILE, DAMN YOU, SMILE
By BEN HECHT

SEPT. 16, 1933

Liberty

5¢

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1933

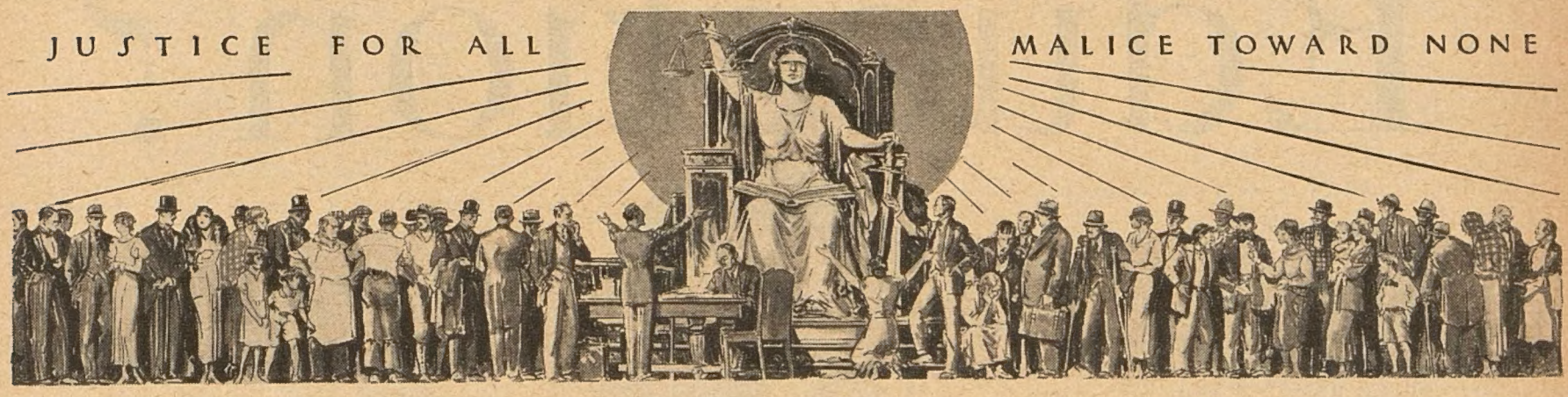
Liberty

VOL. 10, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUES



THE American reputation for fair play is everywhere recognized. We believe in a square deal—for the poor and the rich. We believe in a fair field and no favors—equal opportunities for all.

When it comes to the administration of justice there should be no rich and no poor. Every man should stand before our tribunals as a *personal* entity—a citizen. His *personal* fortune or misfortune should not be considered.

The spirit behind the habit of flaying the rich because they are rich is un-American to the last degree.

To be sure, there are all kinds of people in the world of riches just as there are among the poor. But the average American who has climbed to the top financially is decent, well balanced, and in possession of intelligence considerably above the average. His financial advancement has proved his superiority.

And in maligning the rich as a class we are heaping opprobrium upon some of the greatest leaders of our country.

Henry Ford is a rich man who climbed the hill of financial attainments from the rank of an ordinary mechanic. Edison was a telegraph operator. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was a bookkeeper at an ordinary salary. We could enlarge the list indefinitely.

And the fact that the young men of this country at this time have equal or greater opportunities should be an inexhaustible source of inspiration and enthusiasm.

Men of wealth who have climbed the financial ladder are often shouldering heavy responsibilities that make their hours of labor at times seem endless.

An unlimited amount of caustic criticism was aimed at Morgan, Otto Kahn, and other bankers because of their failure to pay income taxes during the years of the depression. Nothing was said about the reason for this failure being due to the losses they sustained during those years. It is again the un-American policy of soaking the rich just because they are rich.

And, after all, what does the average rich man get out of life—at least, those who have earned their riches through hard work? A few have learned to play, but to them the game of earning riches is so fascinating that any kind of play is irksome in comparison.

And the idea that riches bring happiness is the greatest bunk that was ever foisted upon the American people. Most of the suicides in recent years have been men who were reputed to be rich.

Money does not bring happiness, and sudden wealth is a well known cause of unbalanced minds. Very few people can keep their poise in such a situation.

If we could find a way of definitely measuring the happiness of various people, it would be proved that those who live on what they earn week by week and who feel reasonably secure in their employment are far more happy than those who are rolling in wealth.

Many wealthy men really deserve pity more than they do envy. They are often responsible for the jobs of thousands of people. A mistake on their part could wreck their business and add their workers to the unemployment list. They frequently work harder than any of their hard-working employees.

An analysis of what made this country grow from a few thousand hard-working pioneers to the greatest power in the world would indicate that our growth is due to the policy which we have followed of a fair field and no favors, equal opportunities to all.

Let us, therefore, be fair to the rich and to the poor. Give the devil his dues. Give credit where credit is due.

And when rich men arouse your envy, remember that if you knew the whole story, in many instances you would not be willing to change places with any of them.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

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What Price Education?

(Reading time: 18 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE college student is marked for his endurance and for his memory. If he can listen for four years and at the end of each half year repeat what he has been told, he is a Bachelor of Arts.

The college assumes that the student cannot read. That is why there must be so many courses; why information is furnished him by word of mouth, in fifty-minute periods, as if printing had not been invented.

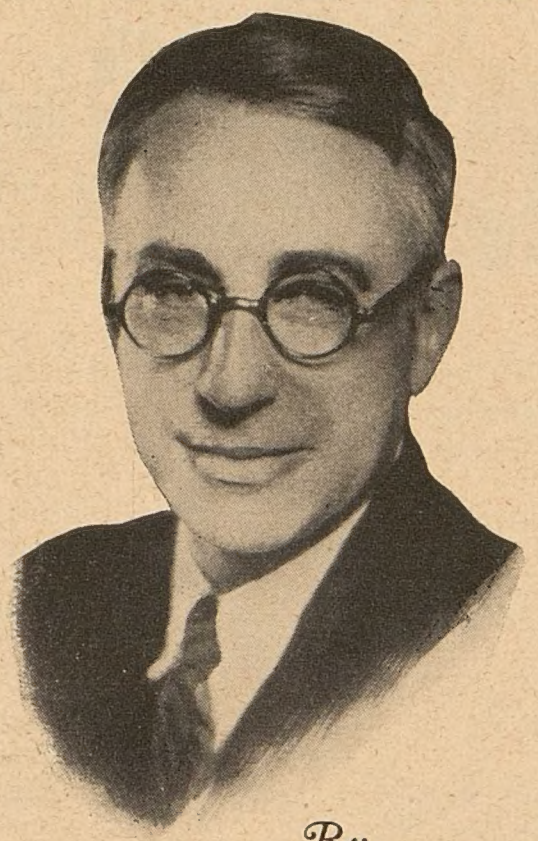
The college officially assumes that the student is still a child. Some care is taken during freshman year to break the news of the facts of life without shocking him. No way has been found to do it without boring him, especially when the professor gets the facts wrong.

The college assumes that in every subject except athletics and science he has forgotten what he learned at school. He must not only listen but listen to something he has heard before. In school they mentioned Shakespeare to him; but the college tells him again, and gives him academic credit for the hours consumed in the repetition.

Since his pursuit of culture is passive, with no opportunity to do anything, create anything, perform anything, the youth lets lose his bottled-up powers in extracurricular activities, for which he cherishes an abiding gratitude. At a critical moment they preserved his sanity. To the matters imposed orally upon him in class he becomes permanently immune.

When he gets his degree he will owe his education to the trustees, the alumni, and the faculty.

The trustees administer the funds and oversee the housekeeping. They are usually elected for genuine distinction in the world at large. They probably render a more unselfish and a more thankless service than any other group on the campus; but occasionally they show misgivings over the kind of education which is imparted, and this is resented by the faculty. In general, therefore, the trustees keep their ideas to themselves.



By

JOHN ERSKINE

Read The Private Life of Helen of Troy? Several hundred thousand people have. It would have made old Homer rub his sightless eyes —but while a most unorthodox commentary on marriage and domesticity, it is everywhere considered as wise and stimulating as it is amusing. Its author, John Erskine, is even more widely known for it and for others of his many books than he is in his scholastic capacity. He is a Columbia professor, and works at it; his subject is English. So this article on education is a rebuke from the arena.

The alumni take keen interest in the training of the undergraduates, especially those alumni, the majority, who in their own youth did not strain their minds. By some law of compensation, the student who just squeaks through develops later a body of pedagogical doctrine which he wishes to see tried out on the younger generation. He may by this time be wealthy. The pedagogy he invents is probably a little worse than what he suffered under, for he did not examine college closely enough to know what was wrong with it. But his ideas will be received with patience, because his support, financial or other, is considered essential.

The alumnus tries also, and with an unfortunate degree of success, to control the extracurricular activities of the undergraduates. The alumni oversee the fraternity life of the boys, and make them pay dues to support the superstructure which does the overseeing. They manage their sports for them, and their publications. They reduce American college life to a regimen in which there is no room left for initiative.

From time to time the alumni are disturbed because the students are contaminated with socialism or communism. They refuse to see that their passion for interfering with the undergraduates has introduced into the American campus a more dangerous kind of communism than Russia attempted—a kind which discourages serious work, removes responsibility, and therefore makes improbable the development of moral character.

The faculty, taken as individuals, are as fine a lot of men as you'll find in any profession; but put them together in a faculty meeting and they promptly go mad. The professors

An Eminent American College Professor (Who Is Also an Eminent American Author) Speaks His Mind with Startling Frankness About an Eminent American Institution

are overworked and underpaid, but this is strictly their own fault. They insist on their right to legislate what courses shall be given and how many, and how many instructors and assistants will be needed. It is they rather than the trustees who assume that the students cannot do a little reading for themselves.

The college income is limited. By the time the professors have arranged their imposing list of courses, with enough instructors, the money for salaries has been divided into very small parts. The professors then call for more endowment, and if they get it they will offer more courses and divide the salary among more assistants.

Individually they know better, but since they always vote on such matters in a body, their condition is hopeless.

They know, as individuals, that a college of their size was taught thirty years ago, and well taught, by a faculty only one third or one quarter as numerous. They know that the famous University of Edinburgh used to manage very well with eleven professors. The eleven were all great men, and they lectured only on what could not yet be found in books. They saved time and rendered poll parrots unnecessary.

OUR professors as individuals occasionally devise on paper a sensible reform by which everything now taught in our colleges could be taught in half the time and by one quarter the number of instructors. If the appropriation for salaries remained the same, the professors would then be paid four times as much for less work. The simple principle of this method would be to give fewer courses, and all courses in cycles, none to be repeated annually, and to waste time in class over nothing which the student could learn for himself outside. The course would be merely a supplement or aid to his studies. He would be examined on his studies, not on the course alone.

But whatever the individual professor thinks of this, in the faculty room you can count on his voting with his colleagues against it.

What with the mounting cost of college buildings and of faculties, and what with the mounting cost of education which frequently does not look like education after you buy it and bring it home, the opinion is gaining ground that the colleges need a clearing up and a cleaning out.

The root trouble with the faculty is that they have not

decided what they are here for. Two contradictory purposes were inherited by the American college, and the professors cannot agree which to follow. They try to take over from England the ideal of character building and personality development in which schools like Winchester, Eton, and Rugby have excelled, and the two unique universities, Oxford and Cambridge. These institutions aim at turning out a complete product molded to a predetermined pattern. Undoubtedly this is a magnificent kind of education, but to achieve it you must organize the whole life of students and teachers, every hour of their day.

Most American colleges pretend to give this heroic training, but only two do it: West Point and Annapolis. All the others are a little afraid that the student will change them before they can put their mark on him. They are disposed, in self-defense, to admit only the type of student which they wish to produce, and in order to make doubly sure they establish relations with sympathetic preparatory schools.

Our colleges could of course be just as powerful in the hydraulic-press kind of education if they were geared exclusively to it, but they also try to imitate the university system of nineteenth-century Germany and France. Here the school accepted no responsibility for the student's character or morals. Such matters were left to the police. Nor for his place or his way of living. That was his private business. All that the university was concerned with was the intellectual enterprise of the faculty, upon whose none too numerous lectures the student was permitted to attend for a modest fee. He got no credit for attending, and no one cared if he stayed away. But here was scholarship at work on a grand scale and in public. If any young man wished to enter this life and be a scholar, he must prove to one of these professors that he had the quality in him. If he seemed promising, the professor would take him on as a kind of apprentice. He would be admitted to a small seminar, where, instead of being lectured to, he would be asked to help in whatever research occupied the professor at the moment.

This system too is magnificent if it is followed inexorably. In Europe it produced the finest scholars of our time. A mediocre intelligence or a weak character could not survive it, but a boy with a good brain and with stiff moral backbone developed under this system a singular intellectual integrity. Students from the European universities do not show in their dress or in their external manners just what college they came from. In that respect they differ from American students. But their minds are mature and independent. This also sets them apart.

We try to follow both methods, and naturally we succeed in training neither personality nor intelligence. Among our students there are plenty of good characters and excellent minds, but the college cannot honestly pretend to have produced them. Look over your freshmen carefully and you will see what on the whole they will be like when they are seniors. The college will not greatly change them.

THE confusion of our educational ideals is illustrated by the dormitories. The dormitory as an educational device belongs to the type of school which molds character, and which therefore must control every hour of the student's life. Every American college wants dormitories, but it also wants to give the student as much freedom as though he were boarding out in the town. The only restriction usually put upon him is that women callers are permitted only at certain times and under certain conditions.

The dormitory, therefore, in an American college is a delusion and a liability. It does nothing for the promotion of character, and it generates social enterprises which distract from study. More than one dean has reported to his faculty that the students who live in the dormitories do poorer work than those who lodge in private houses, and those who lodge in private houses do poorer work than those who live at home.

Such reports would condemn the dormitory system out of hand if the purpose of a college course were to study. But we are not ready to commit ourselves to the European ideal of education. We like to tinker with the other formula—that it is the college's business to mold the boy's character.

Though the professors of course are worried by the intellectual indolence of their students, yet they themselves are not prepared to devote our academic institutions exclusively to scholarship and the intellectual life. I have sympathy for the American professor, since I am one of them, but I think we must bear the blame for the muddle the colleges have got into. No one but the faculty can lead off in a sane direction, and the faculty either disagree or lack the courage.

From what I have said about our methods of imparting oral instruction in interminable courses, you can see I don't consider our activities very scholarly; and unless the professors will become scholars you can't expect it of their pupils.

SCHOLARSHIP may be hard to define, but you can easily mention some things which it is not. Merely to have read many books and to be able to talk about them intelligently is not scholarship, either for student or for teacher. You feel by instinct that true scholarship has a creative element in it. It not only collects and conserves knowledge but contributes to it.

Our American colleges will not do much for the scholarly life until the faculty stop lecturing on what they consider good for the student, and devote themselves to that creative pursuit of truth which is good for its own sake. If the professors have no devouring curiosity for truth—I mean, if they think that man knows enough already, and the best you can do is pass the knowledge around without spilling it—then they haven't the temperament of a scholar and they are not likely to make scholars out of their students.

A school which resolutely set itself to training character would incidentally develop the intelligence. Similarly, a school which produced highly trained minds would of necessity produce strong characters. The childish ethical problems which distract the American campus are an indictment of our brains as well as of our morals. For example, we are never weary of investigating athletics. Every now and then the rumor spreads that our football players have been imported by ardent alumni who are putting up the cost of their tuition in order that Alma Mater may have a winning team. This charge never fails to get the campus by the ears. Those who stand for pure athletics wage a crusade against this menace of professionalism.

Of course if someone hired a professional football player, a thick-skulled gladiator, to drop in on the college once a week and win a football victory for it, there would be clear ground for complaint. But what happens is never so simple. Quite frequently the football player who has been assisted in his finances by a friendly alumnus picks up a Phi Beta Kappa key along with his other laurels. All the athletes in a well administered college must maintain a fair stand in their class work, but this side of the question seems to be overlooked by those who fear professionalism.

What is it they want? Do they want nobody on the football team who is not rich? Do they want nobody in college who cannot pay his own tuition? Unless this is their ideal, why shouldn't I help a good athlete to attend my college, especially when he has a brain as well as a body, and has led his class at school, and will make Phi Beta Kappa later on?

But the main reason why I call this problem a childish one is that the editor of the college paper, by an honored tradition, usually makes a tidy sum of money out of the profits of his publication. It's no secret, nobody considers it a disgrace, and it doesn't prevent him from writing flaming editorials against the athlete whose tuition was paid by a friend.

Moreover, the best singers in the glee club usually apply for a job in the college choir, and get paid for it, and if they are good enough to hold a position in a still more ambitious choir in some outside church they are considered a credit to the community. Nobody proposes that they be dismissed from the glee club.

Of course, if the business of the college were exclusively the training of the mind these questions would all disappear. You'd simply see that every student did his work. His other activities would be his own concern. But we are not yet so single-minded.

The moral and mental confusion which results from following contradictory ideals is illustrated also in the college curriculum, in the sequences of courses, some of them required and others elective. In the first place, the program of studies has little to do with the needs of the incoming pupil. If our ideal is to form his character, we ought to know how much forming it needs, and in what direction; but we lay out the discipline before we ever set eyes on him. If our purpose is to train his mind, we ought to start, of course, at the point where his mind leaves off; but though we have psychological and other examinations to determine his mental frontiers, the catalogue is in print and the instructors engaged long before this diagnosis takes place, and we give him just the same education as though he were a total stranger.

The curriculum itself is like a tariff bill, the result of compromise. The History Department thinks the prospective student should study history, the Chemistry Department is sure he should study chemistry, and the English Department wants him to write more themes. Anyone who has sat in a faculty room during the orgy known as "revising the curriculum" will tell you that when the contending interests have reached a point of exhaustion, they divide the program into equal parts, and then offer the student what seems to be a well balanced mental ration but which really is a plot to let all the departments get a chance at him.

Some of the courses are assigned to the freshman year, others to the sophomore, the junior, or the senior. If an original student asks why there should be four years, we have no good answer. The term of residence at Oxford or Cambridge is three years, not four. Two years would probably be long enough for what the average American college boy acquires. But the four years are a sacred institution, and when you pile on top of them three or four years of professional study and as many more years of apprenticeship, you can see why a doctor, a lawyer, an architect, or an engineer will be middle-aged under our system before he is fairly launched on his career. His grandfather probably got further before the age of twenty-five.

The four-year college program, with the exception of the courses of science and mathematics, could just as well be taken backward; but by a delicious imposture we usually arrange them so that one course is a prerequisite for another. If American history is offered in the freshman year and medieval history in the sophomore, the chances are overwhelming that American history is set down as a prerequisite for medieval. This device rounds up more students for the History Department. Or the freshman year may offer a course in Victorian literature, which becomes a prerequisite for the sophomore course in Elizabethan literature. That is where the English Department ties up its clientele! There is no reason on earth why you should not begin the study of history or literature with any one event or with any one book.

ANY intelligent student can observe, and nowadays many are observing with irritation, that the arts are taught as dead languages. You can study the history of painting, but you can't learn how to paint. You can listen to lectures on the history of dancing or the history of the theater, but there probably will be no academic credit for acting or for dancing. Until very recently this was true of music also. You could get credit for listening to somebody talk about Beethoven, but none for being able to play Beethoven yourself.

The gradual introduction of practical music into the college curriculum gives us a hope that our education may come alive in some new program. But so far it is only a hope. Some educators find another hopeful prospect for the intellectual life in the spread of the discussion method. Instead of lecturing to the students, the teacher confers with them and exchanges opinions.

Personally I think the discussion method is one degree worse than the lecture system. So long as the student is only lectured at, he is bored but innocent. Under the discussion method he gets even with the professor by talking just as much and he becomes efficient in plausible argument based on no information. Morally he is, I think, ruined by the conceit which this empty-headed facility generates in him.

For all this I hold the professors themselves responsible. If we are not competent to reform the American colleges, we all ought to be fired.

But we are quite competent. The average college professor is an unusually able man, if he would only adopt a relation toward life which would give his abilities some practice. What the American college needs is to forget for the moment both the English tradition and the Continental, and to start fresh with ourselves as we are.

I WISH our colleges could be places where those who desire to learn could go and get help. If you did not feel the need of the kind of help which a college properly should give, then you would stay away from college without feeling disgraced. But if you wanted to know anything about science, or art, or letters, or philosophy, or economics, you would turn to the college, ask of it your question, and get an answer.

You would ask for knowledge and education, not for a degree. I wish the colleges would stop giving degrees. If they lack this courage, if they refuse to teach that only reality counts and that your education ought to be incorporated in you instead of being hung up in a frame on your wall, then I wish the colleges would at least make the degree seem as ridiculous as it is.

If we must have a sacred period of four years, then at the end of the second year I would have the colleges give a searching examination. Of those who passed this test, I would send home the lower half, giving them a diploma to show that they had earned the Bachelor degree. The other half, the better students, I would keep for the full four years, and then let them have precisely the same degree and the same diploma as the two-year students. Do you protest that the sheepskin would not represent the same accomplishment in both groups? Well, the difference would be no greater than it is under the present system, and for two years the college would have been spared the presence of the stupid and the loafers.

No attendance should ever be required on any college course, but the student should be examined thoroughly at frequent intervals. If the students can pass the examinations without taking the course, the college ought to drop the course. This daydream of mine implies that the faculty would be enterprising and creative, each doing some real thing in the world, and pausing for a moment to show the youngster how to do it. I am convinced that there never was a good teacher who could not conceivably do something besides teach. A professor of history ought to be himself a historian, and his students should be able to learn from him not only what the histories say but how history is written. In the sciences this condition begins to be true, which is one reason why science prospers in our education. The man who teaches engineering is likely to be an engineer.

The recent use which President Roosevelt has made of certain professors has done more to redeem the credit of the American college than anything that has happened in a long time. Those young economists, and others like them through the country, who have been called to solve actual problems, will be the kind of teacher youth will turn to when they go back to their classes.

If every professor were in this sense creative, every teacher of literature himself a writer, every teacher of philosophy himself a source of new wisdom, then scholarship and the academic life would be defined only in honorable terms. The scholar would be like any other man who does real work in life. His duty would be to achieve something, not talk about it. He would share his experience and his skill with those who wished to do the same thing. They in turn would be esteemed not for their memory or their endurance but for their own accomplishments in the world at large.

And for this millennium we should need less costly buildings, fewer courses, smaller faculties.

THE END

Smile, *Damn You,* Smile

A Story that Will Make Your Hair Stand on End— Don't Read It at NIGHT!

MUNA LEE WAS NO PICK-UP, BUT A LASSIE WHO SPELLED BIG TROUBLE.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

WITH a little more interest in Fighting and less in Amour Eddie Wells might have reached the Heights. The Heights, in case you are vague on the topography of Fame, was being Champion — one-hundred-and-thirty-three-pound Champion of the World.

But though Eddie could swat like a trick mule and was as fancy with his mitts as the illustrious Mr. Leonard, the undefeated and recently retired champ of that day, our hero betook himself out of the ring while still on the Way Up.

Fighting, he explained to his three dumfounded managers, was O.K. for mugs, but he, personally, preferred a more refined use for his talents. The next night, in the Lightweight Elimination Tournament, Eddie flattened Red Fagin colder than a herring and, with the connoisseurs hymning his prowess and hailing him as the logical successor of the illustrious Benny, hung up his gloves.

It wouldn't have been so bad, according to all three managers, if Eddie wanted to settle down and raise some kind of a family. But throwing over a career, not to mention the three best pals he had on earth, for the sole purpose of being able to hang around gin mills and waste his money on a lot of baby dolls, that—said the three managers—was criminal and unnatural. Eddie, who was twenty-four at the moment, whose blond fluffy hair and eager pink-and-white face gave him a sort of naïve mother's boy look, Eddie answered, "Nuts!" and plunged forthwith into the refinements after which his soul hungered.

And now, having briefly sketched in the beginnings of our hero, we will skip as unimportant the various projects and enterprises which filled his life for eight years—the bootlegging activities, gun duels, romances, police chases, underworld intrigues, and all those Arabian Nights' adventures dear to the movie fans of the late and unlamented Volstead era. We will skip them in favor of the macabre fate which overtook Eddie Wells, and which, though here revealed for the first time, has held its own for many moons as one of the fanciest of the sagas told in the underworld council chambers from Passadumkeag, Maine, to sunny San Diego.

At thirty-two, then, the time when this saga first began to hatch, Eddie Wells, not quite so pink-and-white but with undespoiled fluffy blond hair and with his shape and grin intact, was established in the gossip annals of the town as one of its leading Don Juans. It was known that Eddie had dealings with various mobs, that he made collections and functioned as a combination Good-time Charlie and bodyguard for several of the more renowned Public Enemies. It was known that he bartered in jewelry — the "hot stuff" of the floating criminal

By

BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
W. MacRAE GILLIES

gem market—and that his pants pockets were usually full of a king's ransom in bracelets, rings, and similar knickknacks. These and other sundry unsavory but never uninteresting facets of Eddie's existence were known. But they were rather side lights on our hero's fame. In short, it was not for his hatred of cops and contempt for the law that Eddie Wells was esteemed, but for his swaggering love of life. And since life to Eddie not unnaturally meant women, meant rouged and bejeweled houris and all the rout of electric-lighted Janes, Broads, Molls, and Baby Dolls, in whose curves and gestures this life beckoned hungrily to Eddie, it was as a sort of Broadway Sultan (old-fashioned style) that our hero was most widely renowned.

NOT a week passed but one of the many columns which flourish in Gotham for the happy chronicling of amorous promiscuity among the Cafégentsia recorded some new phase in Eddie's love cycle, identified him elatedly as the swain of some new charmer. And Eddie, attired by day in a neat tan double-breasted with blue polka-dot bow tie, and by night in a tuxedo with slightly unusual lapels, wore his Sultan's crown gracefully. He made love with an easy, toothsome smile, distributed quantities of fur coats and diamond bracelets (coin of the love realm), and paid rent on three different bachelor establishments which he sometimes kept going and occupied simultaneously.

If there was aught wrong with his mode of life Eddie was naïvely unaware of it, and if once in a blue moon his character was challenged by some bibulous heckler, Eddie still had his fists, his famous old one-two, with which to argue himself out of a controversy and reëstablish his good name in the eyes of his world.

It was thus in the natural course of events—as Eddie looked at it—that he came into possession one April evening in his thirty-second year of the heart and favors of Joe Cinna's girl. This lady was a smoldering-eyed beauty with a sad but lovely droop to her ivory-tinted face, a brunette, called, incongruously, Babe Winters.

Eddie's play for Miss Winters, which lasted the better part of a week, created a bit of a stir among the Cafégentsia who witnessed it. This was due to the known characteristics of Mr. Cinna, or rather to the curious concepts of them which obtained in the world of the Hot Spots.

Mr. Cinna was a wine merchant of some prominence, one of the bootlegging types that had at the time almost gone out of fashion. Big, fat, swart, bulbous-nosed, and as evil to look at as some rare beetle, he operated in a quiet, modest way; he belonged to no mobs, played no dangerous game, was a fine pal, a horrendous eater, and a pleasant companion.

BUT Joe Cinna, with all his amiable if unlovely exterior, was regarded as a rather morbid individual. The legend had its inception in the fact that Joe had started life as an undertaker, and that for some ten years before entering on the liquor traffic this waddling, Falstaffian fellow had made his living tampering professionally with corpses and putting them for keeps into their graves. With such a gloomy background, Joe Cinna's present character appeared to the Cafégentsia as something strange and confusing. For of all the figures that moved through the Broadway Bohemia, there was none so sentimental, so full of remarkable bourgeois sensibilities as Mr. Cinna. Every columnist in town, for instance, was aware of his numerous charities, his tenderness toward all orphans, widows, underdogs; his epic hand-outs; and, above all, his violent and undiminishing pride in a family somewhere in Sicily, the members of which he hadn't seen for ten years and whom he kept, like another Napoleon, living in far-away grandeur on his largess.

This family, as Joe was never tired of relating, consisted of a mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, two brothers, and a sister. More than all, he loved his sister Maria, a mere baby, but so beautiful, according to reports he received annually, that already his island home resounded with her fame. Some day, said Joe, when he had accumulated enough, he was going to bring it all to Maria, this sister, cover her with jewels, and take her to Rome to marry a duke.

"I love my sister more than anybody in the world," Joe would expand the subject, "except maybe Babe. Her I love in a different way. But just as much."

Such, briefly, was the simple and disarming exterior Joe Cinna's character presented. As for his "different" love of Babe Winters, here too was a matter that fascinated and confused many of the Cafégentsia, particularly those of the predatory sex who would not have minded muscling in on Joe Cinna's largess. But Joe hovered about his melancholy charmer with a gentle and persistent courtesy. For two years he had been her ugly knight, wooing her constantly and constantly attentive. Such fidelity was startling in that world of quick turnovers in romantic wares.

Yet, as we said, though these were the known characteristics of Joe Cinna, though he was all in all a sweetmeat of a gentleman, the feeling had persisted among those whose orbits he crossed that there were strange deeps in this Falstaffian Little Rollo. And Eddie Wells's conquest of the sad and lovely Babe was carried on against the advice of some of his ringside-table friends.

But Eddie shrugged, purred into the brunette's ear,

EDDIE'S PLAY FOR MISS WINTERS LASTED A WEEK.

and after a week made her mistress of one of his three mansions. Nothing happened. Joe Cinna struck no vengeful blows, uttered no threats that anyone could peddle, and appeared to have taken his loss philosophically. He became no longer visible to the Cafégentsia and hence, since invisibility and extinction run neck and neck in that world, was soon forgotten.

Eddie Wells had added another Circassian slave to his harem, and thus the matter stood until a day in August, which was four months later, which chronicled the tragic ending of Babe Winters. She had poisoned herself to death in a cheap hotel room and left a note saying confusedly that life held nothing more for her.

Rising from his bed around noon of that day, Eddie Wells answered the bell of his apartment where he had been sleeping alone. Joe Cinna was calling. Eddie let him come in, and pulling on an elegant green dressing gown ushered the swart one into the main *salle*.

"You heard about Babe?" Joe Cinna began softly.

"No," said Eddie, his light-blue eyes unwavering, for Eddie, with an old ring sense that had never left him, knew the killer heart when he faced it. There was this sort of a killer heart in this fat, swarthy cluck who was standing before him now.

"No," said Eddie. "What's going on?"

"Babe killed herself last night," said Cinna.

Eddie frowned.

"Aw, that's too bad," he said and grew alert.

"She killed herself," pursued Mr. Cinna, "because you broke her heart."

"Me?" said Eddie. "That's nuts."

"You," said Mr. Cinna. "You threw her down a month ago. She told me."

"We split up," said Eddie. "It was just one of those things. Get me? No hard feelings. Just called it a day."

Mr. Cinna shook his head. Eddie slapped his right fist abstractedly into his palm as he used once to do in his corner before the bell, and added, "Say, that's tough. Her taking a run-out. Poor kid."

"Yeah," said Mr. Cinna; "poor kid."

THERE was a silence.

"Say, listen," Eddie asked. "What you come up here for? A little trouble?"

Mr. Cinna nodded. Then he said: "You killed this girl. I loved her. Almost as much as I love my own sister. Maybe more. You killed her. That's plain."

"Oh, it is!" said Eddie. He watched the short thick arm move its hand into the Cinna pocket and he came a step closer, close enough for a fast right to the button in case that became necessary. Then he took his eye from the pocket in which he could see that Mr. Cinna held a gun and, chin slightly down, watched with upturned stare the heavy face before him. Eddie knew the grimace with which the killer heart signaled its attack—the widening of the eyes, the sudden twitch of the lips. He had been up against these signals plenty in his time. He moved his left foot forward casually, getting balanced for the right to the button. Mr. Cinna as casually moved away.

"I come up here to kill you," he said.

"O. K. with me," said Eddie and relaxed slightly. Joe Cinna's eyes were signaling no attack.

"Maybe you like to tell me something. Why you threw her down. So I change my mind," said Mr. Cinna. "I give you a chance."

"You mean," said Eddie, "maybe I caught her two-timing me?"

"Something like that," said Mr. Cinna.

"No," said Eddie. "She was a square kid. I don't give her no black eye now."

"Rat," said Mr. Cinna.

A light sweat came out on Eddie's forehead for the eyes he was watching had opened wide and the lips were twitching in the corners. He knew the hand in the pocket was waiting a hair's breadth move for its signal. Too far away for the punch on which he had counted, Eddie Wells looked coldly into the widened eyes and let them have it, not with the short right but with the next best

thing under the circumstances—the snarl of defiance which sometimes killers almost mystically respect.

"Go on, shoot, you pail o' lard," said Eddie. "And if you miss me, God help you. I'll make potatoes out o' you. Yeah, I threw her over. Sure. Because I got God-damn' sick and tired of her sniveling around the joint. Because she was sniveling around like a sick punk day and night. Bellyachin' and complainin'. I don't like 'em when they cry. Get me? Tears don't ever make a hit with me. I like 'em when they smile. That's the whole story in brief."

Joe Cinna listened without moving. At the conclusion of this revelation he stayed silent for a long minute. A change came over his swart bulbous-nosed face. He grew thoughtful.

"You like 'em when they smile," said Mr. Cinna at last.

"Yeah," said Eddie. "That's my taste in the matter."

"I got you," said Mr. Cinna. He looked Eddie up and down and then, to Eddie's surprise, a grin distended his cheeks.

"O. K.," said Mr. Cinna. "See you some other time."

He turned and walked out of the room.

BY midnight of that day the story of Joe Cinna's call on Eddie Wells had gone the rounds, Eddie starting it off with not too much braggadocio. He had just merely taken the nerve out of Joe Cinna, said Eddie. This was a process you couldn't explain. It either happened or it didn't. You could only work it on a killer, who always relied on a sort of brainstorm inside to set him off. What Eddie meant was that he had dominated the raging Cinna with his superior mental poise and his cold fearlessness. But, like all good grandstanders, Eddie knew what to leave to the imagination of his hearers. Incidentally, in his recital of how he had told off the redoubtable Joe Cinna, Eddie left another item in the imaginations—and memories—of these hearers, to wit, that he "liked them when they smiled."

The fact that Babe Winters had presumably dispatched herself to Kingdom Come out of longing for Eddie Wells in no way impaired our hero's status as a Don Juan. It added, indeed, a certain romantically dangerous nimbus to his Sultan's crown, which may have accounted for his next conquest. Within a week after Babe Winters' death the gossip columns heralded a "new heart" for Eddie Wells, none other than the famous Eye-filler, Muna Lee.

This occasioned quite a stir among the Cafégentsia. For Muna Lee was no ringside-table pick-up, but a lassie who spelled big-time trouble, a heroine of genuine front-page romances. La Muna belonged to the aristocracy of the fleshpots, and if no less than three years ago she had been pinched for dancing nude in one of the town's night-club ballets, no

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one could have guessed it from the diamond-studded hauteur which she paraded now through the Hot Spots and usually on the arm of some Social Registerite on the loose.

With Muna Lee in tow and eating out of his hand, our hero slipped into a new class. Miss Lee was championship material, and Eddie, happily blowing the bank roll for her, felt he was no longer one of the prelim Lotharios of the town. His eight and a half years of romances paled into palooka kissing matches now that he had emerged into the lorgnetted divisions of sex. The life of refinements of which he had dreamed the day he had hung up his gloves (after flattening Red Fagin, if you remember) had arrived all done up in sables.

Under the glittering smile of Muna Lee, Eddie's world opened up, like a musical-show finale, to include house parties, week-ends, country estates, celebrity routs, and he rubbed shoulders, lucky boy, with wits and philosophers (all a bit stewed, to be sure, but very swanky lads at that). As for the Big Shots whose pay-off and collection man he remained on the side, these kicked in handsomely for the added nut on which Eddie operated. Connections such as Eddie was making were worth plenty in their council chambers.

But all this pretty picture of an ex-pug who had made good in a big way ended abruptly one December night while Eddie Wells was off, in line of his more secret duties, dickering away with certain powers in Albany. Eddie got the news on the telephone. He packed in half a minute and lit out like a streak for New York.

By the time he got off the train the papers were full of it. Muna Lee had been murdered in her penthouse (the new one on which Eddie was paying the rent) and murdered under conditions both peculiar and horrible. She had been found with a bullet through her heart, propped up in her bed of silken sheets and lace pillows. When the police entered she was sitting this way, with her eyes open and dead as a doornail and smiling broadly at them. A second look revealed that Muna Lee's lips had been sewed up into this smile. The operation had been performed so expertly that none of the stitches were visible. There she sat, cold and rigid and looking as merry as a picnic.

Eddie Wells went to look at the body in the undertaking parlors. He found her ready for burial and still smiling. The headlines recounting the Mystery of the Smiling Corpse had shocked Eddie. But the sight was more than he had bargained for. He broke down, as the press reported, and wept.

The sewing job, the mortician in charge explained to the flocks of sleuths and newspaper gentlemen, was one of which he himself might well have been proud.

"Although," he added, "we seldom do this any more. Years ago it was quite the thing. People wanted their loved ones looking cheerful in death and that's what we used to do—sew their mouths up into a smile. Personally, I think it's bad taste."

THE scandal of Muna Lee's death echoed for a full week in the press. There were clues and promises of arrest, and Muna Lee's past, with photographs and exotic illustrations, was exhumed for the romance-hungry stay-at-homes who devour newspapers. Eddie Wells figured largely in the excitement, as did some fifteen others of the dead gal's swains. In fact, almost a hundred men and women came in for rather intensive questioning by detectives, and so thorough were the investigations that knowing what you know and what Eddie Wells knew and what at least a score of others knew or surmised, you would have thought that the first to be queried and investigated was a certain fat swarthy-faced Joe Cinna. But, as often happens, between the facts known to the police and those known to scores of others, there remains in such mysteries as this a curious hiatus. Deductive reasoning, abetted by stool pigeons, fails to bridge this gap, and though on one side, whispered among the inner circles of the Cafégentsia, the truth of Muna Lee's death and horrible smile was surmised and discussed; on the other, among newspaper editors and police sergeants, the crime remained a dark, provoking mystery.

When the week's excitement occasioned by the removal of Miss Lee's mortal coil had subsided, Eddie Wells's pals noticed something they had been overlooking—a change in the pink-and-white Don Juan, an odd altering of mien and manner. He had taken Muna's death pretty hard, they thought, what with his public breakdown in the undertaking parlors. But they began to perceive now that there were other forces than sorrow and repine operating on Eddie. He had grown furtive and gone in for heavy drinking, and lost what his more cultured admirers had not so long ago described as his insouciance.

EDDIE was still a figure in the Hot Spots, pointed out, discussed, greeted but no longer hailed. The name Joe Cinna had never escaped him, either during his long questioning by the police or during the discussions that followed among his intimates. The latter remembered word for word with Eddie the old story of his telling off of Joe Cinna and his famous clincher that he "liked them when they smiled." They remembered and knew all the answers to the mystery, knew them as part of a macabre legend which would hardly hold water as a police theory but which remained none the less the truth. Eddie had a code and would take care of Mr. Cinna in his own way, and those closest to the bereaved Don Juan said nothing and waited. The chiefs whom Eddie served approved his silence in the business and waited also.

BEN HECHT
whose first novel, Erik Dorn, in 1921 drew forth both paeans and pans. This same difference of opinion has greeted nearly all of the dozen or more novels and plays he has since produced. Apparently unresponsive to praise or criticism, Mr. Hecht continues to write, and consistently displays that sparkling originality and delightful touch of the macabre which throws friends into raptures and critics into despair.

But nothing happened, nothing except a harried, gaunt look that took possession of Eddie Wells. None of the Eye-fillers would give him a tumble. Even the hat-check and cigarette girls on whom Eddie had showered largess for many a year were cautious with their smiles. There sprang up a well founded fear that it was dangerous to smile on Eddie Wells.

As he had risen, beauty by beauty, in the scale of amour, ending up with the aristocratic tootsie—the late Miss Lee—so Eddie now descended, fishing lower and lower for his prey, courting chorines he had outgrown and making plays for those passée sirens who cling in five-year-old furs to the side lines of the romance market. But nowhere could he make headway, that is, nowhere in the haunts he called his world. And Eddie could no more change these haunts than alter the shape of his head.

None of the Pretties ever mentioned the whys and wherefores in turning Eddie down and disdaining the famous pockets full of tiaras. But it was understood by them and Eddie just what the lay of the land was. Hooking up with Mr. Wells meant going on the spot, meant ending up in bed with a horrible smile on their lips. And there wasn't enough love in the whole of Eddie's extensive feminine contacts to warrant such risk.

Our hero continued for several months to pursue the only life for which he had fitted himself—that of the chase. He clung to the rendezvous he had known in his Don Juan heyday as if fascinated by his failures. And finally, out of loneliness and pariahship, Eddie fell in love, that is he grew sentimental toward a lady in the floor show of one of the lesser joints. Strangely this time Eddie encountered no cold shoulder. The gal was a newcomer to the Street and regarded Mr. Wells with cool but promising favor. Eddie, however, worked slowly, half afraid of rushing his luck and half afraid of what might happen.

There are smiles that make you happy, but there was one smile that froze Eddie's stomach when he thought of it.

One evening, after several weeks of this sort of lame-duck procedure, Eddie called for his charmer when the floor show was done. He was hungry for the life of refinements so long interrupted. He intended bringing matters to a show-down. He found the lady, however, in a sullen mood. She refused to go with him, sneered as he began stammering about his lonely penthouse, and finally let him have it, crudely and with no mercy. He was a fine one to try and take advantage of her, was the tenor

of her remarks. Some friends had, as she put it, wised her up and just in time.

"What's going on?" said Eddie tiredly.

"I should end up like Muna Lee," said the charmer, "with this guy featherstitching a dizzy smile on my face. Nothin' doin'."

"O. K.," said Eddie, "no harm intended," and walked out of the place into the spring dawn, a palooka unable to land a prelim.

An hour later Eddie, full of liquor in one of the back-room council chambers where he received orders and maintenance, listened to one of his chiefs, a kindly villain with a soft spot for this ex-hero of the ring. Eddie heard that he was losing his punch, and nodded; that he was taking it lying down, and nodded; that the mob had waited patiently for six months for a little action in regard to Joe Cinna and been very disappointed. Again Eddie nodded.

"That's all that's the matter with you," said Eddie's villainous chief and counselor. "Cinna's got your number. He's busted you up. You told him off once. Go tell him off again, and for keeps, kid. That's your one chance."

"That's right," said Eddie. "I'm sore on him."

"Do you know where to get him?" asked the chief.

"I'll get him," said Eddie. "He's busted me up."

And a naïve, mother's boy look came over Eddie's face.

"I got to bust him up, that's all," he said and with a shrug rose and walked unsteadily out of the room.

THAT was the last the town saw of Eddie Wells for a long spell. The police let the Muna Lee Smile Mystery pass under the bridge of gone-to-sea matters, and the underworld, so called, progressed nicely without the aid of Eddie Wells. The Cafégentsia likewise drank, ogled, postured, and intrigued as if no Eddie had ever been a part of them. And some ten months went by.

Then, unexpectedly, for nobody in town seemed to be thinking of him or talking of him, Eddie Wells made his comeback. He came walking into the El Bravo Club one spring night with the old Eddie Wells smile on him, pink-and-white and groomed to the last button. Beside him, clinging to his arm, was an Eyeful, a platinum blonde lassie, young and high-hearted to look at and covered with jewels and in a vermilion evening wrap that looked as dramatic as a thousand flags.

The El Bravo was the Spot where Eddie had first met Muna Lee. Here the upper circle of the Cafégentsia had witnessed his heyday as the town's Don Juan and here his saga was known, even if a bit dimmed, down to the bus boys. And here Eddie entered with his Eye-filler. He was greeted coolly by the management, as is the habit of managements toward all comebacks. He was given a table. He ordered wine. He smiled at familiar faces and he devoted himself to his lovely companion.

Reunions ensued. Pals appeared and said a casual hello. These Eddie let into his secret at once. He was married and the vision opposite him was the Missus.

"Meet Mrs. Eddie Wells," he said, and during the greetings Mrs. Wells smiled, nodded, and remained brightly silent.

Somehow the old Eddie Wells spirit seemed to revive memories of the Don Juan and brought less restraint into the voices that greeted him as the hours wore along. The harried Eddie of the Muna Lee mystery was gone. Here was a high-stepping laddie again with not a care in the world, and beside him a radiant admirer whose eyes glistened when he spoke, whose jeweled fingers rested tenderly on his arm as he held court.

"I've reformed and settled down," said Eddie to the Gossip Columns clustered around him, "because I finally found the only girl I ever really loved."

The comeback was a great success and netted a dozen excited items in the morning's tittle-tattle. But that evening was just the beginning of Eddie's return. One by one the Hot Spots saw him and his beautiful but always silent little queen. One by one he was welcomed back to the old circles of merrymaking and intrigue. Nothing was said openly, but behind his back Eddie was excitedly discussed. It was agreed that he had got his nerve back again and laid the ghost of Joe Cinna in his path, and done it in fine high-class style. A lesser heart

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than Eddie's would have gone gunning for Cinna. But good old Eddie Wells had taken the more dramatic way of disposing of Joe Cinna, that of showing the world Mr. Cinna alive was no more menace to his happiness than Mr. Cinna dead.

The couple settled in a penthouse and again the gossip columns chronicled the goings and comings of our hero. But this time the news lay in the fact that Eddie, who had once played the field as a Don Juan, was now a doting Benedict, happy as a hick with his new bride. Eddie's chiefs also took him back to their villainous bosoms. They, even more than the Cafégentsia, appreciated the gesture.

Nobody asked questions, however; nobody went so far as to find out the history of Eddie's new romance and to discover if Mrs. Eddie Wells knew the old saga that had almost sunk her husband. The world of the Hot Spots is a curiously callous one.

Nevertheless, no one—that is of the inner circles—was surprised when the blow-off came. By a coincidence that struck even the short-memoried newspapermen as very odd, Eddie was off in Albany again, and again dickering with certain powers. And again he learned the news over the phone.

Six hours later Eddie made his way through the crowd of police, reporters, and photographers in the hall outside his penthouse. He was greeted curtly by the district lieutenant and ushered into the bedroom.

HE FOUND THE LADY SULLEN. SHE REFUSED TO GO WITH HIM.

There, propped up in the silk-sheeted bed, sat Mrs. Eddie Wells, a bullet through her heart, her eyes wide open, and a horrible smile on her lips.

Eddie looked at his dead bride. "The same as Muna Lee," he said. "The lips sewed up, eh?"

The lieutenant of police nodded and eyed Eddie shrewdly. Here was no bereaved husband, but a cold pink-and-white face with its eyes widened and its lips twitching in the corners.

The reporters flocked around Eddie and began firing questions.

"How long you been married?"

"Just three months," said Eddie.

"Where'd you meet her?" a reporter asked.

"I met her while I was abroad," said Eddie. "I was traveling for my health. In Sicily."

"She don't look like a Sicilian," said a reporter.

"She dyed her hair like that," said Eddie.

The lieutenant of police stepped into the examination. "What was her name before she married?" he asked.

"Maria Cinna," said Eddie.

"Cinna," said the lieutenant. "That's a funny name. Any relation to Joe Cinna?"

"Yes," said Eddie, "she was his sister."

Then he added thoughtfully, lighting a cigarette and staring at the rigid smile:

"He was pretty fond of her. I guess he was sore at her marrying me, or something."

"Get Joe Cinna," said the lieutenant of police, and two sergeants hurried from the room.

Mr. Cinna, with the newspapers recounting the murder of his sister strewn about the floor, was found hanging in a closet off his bedroom.

THE END

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FROM OVER THE TRACKS

(Reading time: 17 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHEN Johnny Goodman of Omaha started for Del Monte, California, and the Pebble Beach Golf Club in September, 1929, he started without breakfast. He didn't have any money to squander on trifles at the moment.

When he returned to Omaha, after eliminating the great Bobby Jones in the first round of the National Amateur championship at Pebble Beach, eleven civic organizations were waiting for him—to give him breakfasts.

Life has been that way with Johnny Goodman. It's been all or nothing. In the past it's been largely nothing.

Now at twenty-four he is the National Open golf champion, the fifth amateur to hold the title. He is at the peak. He sits on the throne. But behind him are heartbreaks and cruelties.

Johnny Goodman comes out of the subcellar. He emerged from a cabin in Omaha's packing-house district. He was one of nine children. His mother worked to help support them.

Before his teens, Johnny toiled in the packing houses. When he was twelve his mother died. The children were sent to orphanages, all but Johnny and two others. Charitable families arranged to give these three homes in return for such work as they could do. Johnny went to live on the edge of the town, away from the stench of the abattoirs and the misery of the laborers.

The house to which he went stood on a hill. The hillside swept down across a railroad track and a ravine. Beyond them was a golf course. Johnny had never heard of golf. He wondered what those grown men with short pantaloons were doing. It all looked very foolish then, but as day followed day he became fascinated.

Presently he found a wooden block and rounded it off with his knife. Then he cut a crooked stick and began whacking the wooden sphere with it. He stood on the hillside and swung at the ball hour after hour.

One day two men passed on the golf course. One, carrying his own bag, hooked his ball over the ravine and the railroad. Johnny saw it stop in some brush. He recovered it. The man asked him if he wanted to caddie for him. "Carry my bag," he explained. "I'll pay you."

Johnny Goodman became a caddie. That was twelve years ago—in 1921, to be exact. He began to caddie every day. The club members liked him.

By the end of that summer Johnny owned his first golf club. A member dumped a mashie shot into a lagoon, and proceeded to wrap his club's shaft around the bole of a tree. What was left he gave to Johnny. Johnny took it home and wired it together. Balls were plentiful. They have a way of being plentiful with caddies—but Johnny came honestly by his.

When the members had gone home Johnny practiced with his single club. He practiced through the gloaming and under a street light. But then, all great golfers who come up from the ranks of the caddies do that.

By the middle of the next summer he had a meager set of patched-up clubs. Lacking both height and strength he had to have rhythm. Always he had loved music and there was rhythm in his slight wiry body, so he developed a superlative swing.

He was thirteen now. He entered the South Side High School in Omaha. By day he caddied until schooltime. Then he went to school, and when school was out he hurried back to the links. At night he delivered telegrams until midnight. Then he went home and slept until daylight. He

By DICK WILLIAMS

The Inspiring Story of Johnny Goodman, Who Fought His Way Up from Squalor to the Highest Honor in American Golf

went back to caddying then, without breakfast.

He moved along to another family now. He was fourteen and still in school. But he had no clothing. He was sending the earnings of his caddying to his brothers and sisters. It became necessary for him to leave school for a term and give his entire time to earning money.

The next term he went back to school and continued to work at night as a messenger boy. When summer came and school was out he was caddying again. He got a few clothes, so that he could stay in school the next winter. He caddied all day and delivered messages until midnight, carrying a trussed-up golf club with him.

The year 1925 came along and Johnny Goodman was sixteen. No longer could he caddie and retain his amateur standing. The U. S. G. A. has a rule to that effect. Johnny wished to remain an amateur. He has continued to be an amateur ever since.

At sixteen he was called the perfect stylist. Now and then a pro popped up to claim credit for Johnny Goodman's swing. But none got it. Johnny made his way alone, both as golfer and as breadwinner. He learned his game by watching other players. His love of music helped him swing naturally and smoothly. That was all.

At sixteen he entered the Omaha City championship. He was a desolate figure, thin and wispy and pimply-faced. He had on an old pair of patched short trousers and his equipment consisted of his clubs, a soiled Sunday bag, and four balls. He won the championship, and golfing Omaha gasped.

THE next year he was the medalist in the same tournament but he lost in the finals. He beat his way to St. Louis where the Trans-Mississippi tournament was being held, qualified, and lost in the semi-finals. He went home, and when he appeared on the public links the following day people spoke to him and watched him play. No more sincere compliment can be paid a boy golfer.

Now came 1927. Spring saw him graduated from high school. He was medalist in the state tournament. Then he decided he'd go

U. & U. News photo

Johnny Goodman, National Open champion, and the cup he won together with that glorious title.

Rotofotos, Inc., photos

HERE are four photographs of Johnny in action, showing his wonderful swing, the admiration of all golfers, as you see it in a mid-iron shot. The two on the opposite page were snapped at the top of the backswing. There could hardly be a better demonstration of two cardinal principles of good form at this stage: the weight on the right foot, with the leg straight and firm, and the left arm just about straight. In the picture at the left on this page Johnny, a model of concentration, with motionless head, is snapping the club head through; at the right he is following through. The whole is "as effortless as the flight of a gull"—and is nearly as much the despair of some of his famous rivals as of the player with a handicap of 30.

to the Trans-Mississippi again. It was being held in Colorado Springs, at the Broadmoor Club. Colorado Springs was a long way off and Johnny Goodman had no money. But he *had* to play in that tournament.

He might have said something to some of the wealthy Lakeside Club members. He knew they would defray his expenses and do it gladly. But he knew, too, that he was playing a lone hand against the forces of the U. S. G. A. Something within this moody, contemplative, bitter boy of seventeen told him that he would need every gun he had to defend his amateurism.

Colorado Springs is a great summer resort, and much wealth used to gather there. The Broadmoor Club was an unusual club. It was owned by the Broadmoor Hotel, which was owned by Mr. Spencer Penrose, a wealthy mining engineer and brother of the late Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania political tycoon. The Broadmoor Hotel was one of the dukiest places in the West. Only packing millionaires and flour-milling millionaires and Osage Indian millionaires from Oklahoma were welcomed.

Johnny Goodman arrived on a fast and exclusive passenger train. He tumbled out from under the fourth coach and approached the Broadmoor Club. A member of the Trans-Mississippi tournament committee saw him crawling through a barbed-wire fence off the first fairway and told him to keep out—no more caddies were needed.

Johnny Goodman kept walking toward the clubhouse, arguing. He kept the committeeman well in the van in an effort to prevent his getting a close-up of the patch on his grime-covered pantaloons. And he kept telling the committeeman his name and that he was the Nebraska state medalist and the Omaha city champion and a semi-finalist of the Trans-Mississippi of the year before.

They approached the clubhouse. Johnny was wiping the coal dust and grease from his face. The committeeman began gesticulating and threatening. Two more committeemen galloped up. They were hustling Johnny toward an exit when a large man stepped forward and asked for an explanation. It was Spencer Penrose.

"*He* can't play in this tournament," the committeemen explained. "Look at him—at your club, Mr. Penrose!"

"Who are you, son?" Mr. Penrose inquired.

Johnny told him about himself and his record.

"How'd you get here? You look as if you'd walked."

Johnny said he hadn't, but had been delayed when special officers had detained him in Denver.

MR. PENROSE turned to the committeemen. He thought a boy with that sort of courage deserved to play. "Oh, my, no!" said the committeemen. "Don't you realize that this is the Trans-Mississippi tournament?"

This was enough for Mr. Penrose. "I am under the impression, gentlemen," he said, "that the object of this tournament is to determine who is the best amateur golfer west of the Mississippi River. I was curious to know that myself. That's why I offered you the use of my course. This boy is a golfer and he's from west of the Mississippi. Unless he plays there'll be no Trans-Mississippi tournament—at least, not on my course."

Johnny Goodman played. He played in three pairs of new knickers—not all at the same time—and three sets of sweaters and hose to match. Mr. Penrose had taken him into the golf shop and fixed him up. He had also given him a new set of clubs.

Johnny won the tournament. Mr. Penrose gave him a golf suit and a gross of balls, but no car fare home. Master Goodman would not accept that. Instead, he caught a ride back to Omaha. His amateur standing hadn't the shadow of a suspicion upon it.

That summer he failed by a single stroke to qualify for the National Amateur at Minikahda. But he was medalist in the state tournament for the fourth time and finally won the title.

The year 1928 passed uneventfully. Johnny still had to work long hours to keep alive and to help his brothers and sisters. Nineteen twenty-nine found him as thin and pallid as ever. But he entered the sectional qualifying round of the National Open and to the astonishment of the golfing world shot a 140 for thirty-six holes, the lowest score in the preliminary trials of that year.

NOW he was ready for national play. He had qualified. But luck was against him. The tournament was being held near New York City. When the time came for him to start for Winged Foot at Mamaroneck, he had fifty dollars of his own, two pairs of white golf trousers, four white shirts, one black sweater, and one pair of black socks. He had his golf clubs and two dozen balls. That was all.

Members of the Lakeside Club hastened to his aid. They raised a kitty—something like $250—and handed it to him. "Go knock their ears down, Johnny," the chairman of the presentation committee said, "and then have a good time for yourself in New York."

Did that money look good to the boy? All the same, he shook his head. "They're watching me night and day," he said. "I won't give them a chance to do to me what they did to George Von Elm."

"Von Elm sold sporting goods," they argued. "That's why they got him. He beat them, didn't he? So can you."

Johnny shook his head again. Someone asked how he expected to get to New York. "I don't know," he said. "I'm going down to the stockyards tomorrow and look around."

He went down to the stockyards the following day, taking his golf outfit with him. He found one of the loading foremen in the yards and approached him.

"Any live stock going east?" he asked. "I'd like to get down to New York."

"Surest thing you know, Johnny. Got a trainload pulling out in an hour and no one to chaperon them."

"Where are they headed?"

"Hoboken—just across the river from New York."

Johnny Goodman went to the stock train, threw his golf stuff into the caboose, and climbed in after it. For four days and nights he chaperoned a trainload of beef on the hoof, resting between rounds. All he had to do was see that somewhere around a thousand head of cattle were kept bedded and watered and on their feet and free from suffocation through four days of sweltering heat and four nights of stifling humidity. He had to see that none of them got down. When a cow gets down in a stock car it's trampled to death. A rider is known by the number of animals he loses. Johnny Goodman lost none.

I saw him the first morning at Winged Foot. I was out at the first tee when they called his name. We were all curious to see him. We had no idea what he looked like.

"Johnny Goodman!" sang out the starter.

A faint "Her-r-u-up!" sounded from the direction of the refreshment tent. Someone in a hot black sweater and a hot black pair of hose and a pair of white golf pants with one-inch black checks *(Continued on page twenty)*

International photo

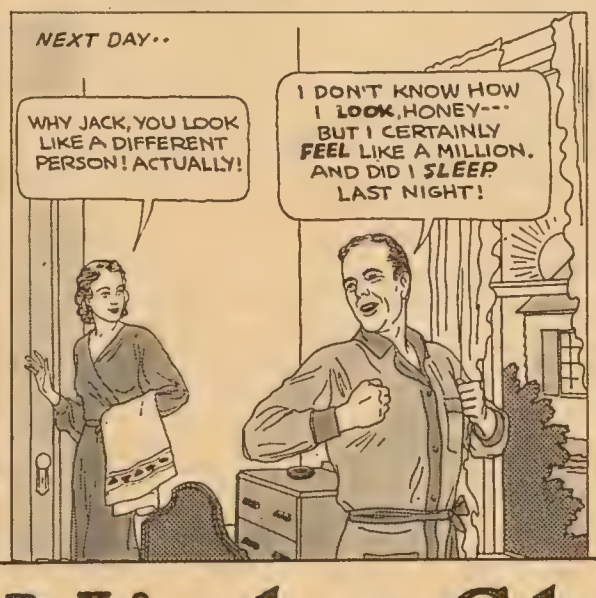
Johnny Goodman sinking his last putt in the second round of the National Open at North Shore.

GOODBYE TO NIGHT-TIME TOSSING

NEXT MORNING
WHY JACK! DON'T TELL ME YOU HAD ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT AGAIN LAST NIGHT!
DIDN'T GET A WINK UNTIL AFTER 4-- I FEEL LIKE I'D BEEN DRAGGED THROUGH A KNOTHOLE.

THAT NIGHT··
JACK, DEAR---YOU LOOK TERRIBLY TIRED AND NERVOUS. WHY DON'T YOU GO TO BED?
WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL SIMPLY LIE THERE TOSSING AND COUNTING SHEEP--- I TELL YOU THIS CAN'T GO ON.

THAT NIGHT···
MM! WHETHER IT MAKES ME SLEEP OR NOT--THIS OVALTINE SURE MAKES A WONDERFUL DRINK.
WELL, WHEN I BOUGHT IT, THE MAN AT THE DRUG STORE SAID IT NEARLY ALWAYS WORKED LIKE A CHARM.


NEXT DAY··
WHY JACK, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON! ACTUALLY!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I LOOK, HONEY--- BUT I CERTAINLY FEEL LIKE A MILLION. AND DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT!

SAY---HOW COME ALL THIS PEP? I THOUGHT YOU WERE "ALL IN" FROM SLEEPLESS NIGHTS!
THAT WAS YESTERDAY--- BUT NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS FOR ME! I'VE DISCOVERED OVALTINE!

All-Night Sleep . .

All-Day Energy Next Day . . This Natural, Drugless Way

Try It Tonight! See For Yourself How Much More Quickly You Fall Asleep—How Much Fresher You Feel In Mind And Body Tomorrow

Now—say goodbye to night-time tossing. Get your eight hours of sound, restful sleep tonight and *every* night! For Ovaltine acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it* and see for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more soundly you rest.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed tonight. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. *998S*

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

(Continued from page eighteen) . . . was trying to gulp down the last dregs of a paper cup of scalding coffee, devour the final two and a half inches of a frankfurter sandwich, and shout "Here!" at the same time.

The boy came across to the starting tee. He was not yet twenty-one, but he looked a little older. His neck was thin and long. His color—well, he had no color. There were blemishes on his face, the blemishes of hard, exacting work and malnutrition. His hair was neatly parted in the middle, but it bristled up on either side, a dull gray-blond head of hair.

His shoulders sloped away from his thin neck and his hands looked small and bony. He said, "My name is Goodman, sir," to the starter and walked to the back of the tee.

The starter nodded to him and he teed up a ball. He blew on his thin hands and looked down the fairway. Then he looked around, once, at the crowd. His eyes were a little frightened and a lump rose in his throat. He swallowed once, looked down the fairway again, slid the head of his driver against the ball, and then, in a swing that was as effortless as the flight of a gull, whipped a drive 230 yards down the elbowed fairway into the teeth of a small gale.

He didn't win that tournament. He didn't even come close. He went home disappointed and sick. The U. S. G. A. had begun to beleaguer him even then. That fall he prepared for the Amateur and an Omaha friend drove him to Del Monte and Pebble Beach. Johnny Goodman didn't know what awaited him there. He was more or less dispirited, and when the tournament committee notified him when he arrived that his entry had not been fully approved, he almost gave up.

They let him in. But, somehow or other, the draw attended to him. It gave him the incomparable Bobby Jones for his first eighteen-hole round!

The morning of the match the entire U. S. G. A., in official red coats, was out to see Jones put the upstart in his place.

When the end of three holes was reached Johnny Goodman was three up on the greatest of golfers. When the final tee loomed before them he was one up. He'd held that lead since the fourteenth hole, held it against par golf by the master of them all.

When they putted out on the eighteenth Johnny Goodman still was one up. He'd won the match. He'd beaten the unbeatable Jones.

The tournament was ruined. With Jones out it wasn't worth the price of the ticket printing. The U. S. G. A. had been hoist by its own petard.

But the dismay in the association ranks was nothing to the glee among Omahans. Judge Woodrough of the Lakeside Country Club, augustly presiding in district court, got the news from a bailiff. The court room suddenly was startled by a wild whoop from the bench.

"Hoo-ray!" shouted his Honor. "Johnny Goodman beat Bobby Jones, one up! Court is adjourned while everybody stands up and gives three cheers!"

And everybody did.

THE strain of his close fight with the great Jones must have broken Johnny's game. At any rate he lost to Lawson Little of San Francisco that same afternoon, 2 and 1. Then he went home to the eleven breakfasts.

When the National Open came around in 1931 Johnny Goodman was on hand at Interlachen. Bobby Jones won—but next to him, Johnny was the tournament's high amateur.

Then came the National Amateur. It was played at Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia. Johnny McHugh, a kid from California, eliminated Johnny Goodman in the first eighteen-hole match. Johnny hadn't liked California much even before that, and he doesn't yet, in spite of Pebble Beach.

The next year was a glum one for Johnny Goodman. The U. S. G. A. barred him temporarily on the ground that he had sold sporting goods. It was discovered that he had worked for a sporting-goods dealer as a messenger boy before he was sixteen, and he was exonerated. Then he went to Beverly, at Chicago, after failing in the Open, and was again eliminated in the first round of the Amateur, this time by blond smiling Billy Howell, eighteen-year-old prodigy from Richmond.

Still, no one doubted that, with Jones and Von Elm in retirement, he was the finest amateur in America, possibly excepting Maurice McCarthy.

Perhaps it is a little too inclusive to say *no one* doubted that. The U. S. G. A. Walker Cup Team Selection Committee seemed to. The next spring, when the American Walker Cup team was selected, the Omaha boy was not on it.

In the fall of 1932 Johnny went to Five Farms at Baltimore determined to have his revenge. The Amateur was being played there and Francis Ouimet was defending his title. As usual, the draw preceded the first day's play, and when it was announced Johnny Goodman found himself in the lower bracket with Ouimet, Maurice McCarthy, the one amateur in the country believed to be Goodman's superior at match play, Charles Seaver, the coast star whose work in the Walker Cup matches had been sensational, and H. Chandler Egan, a cagy and stubborn veteran who had held the National Amateur title years before.

Three of these, Seaver, McCarthy, and Ouimet, had been on the Walker Cup team.

The experts looked at the draw and shook their heads. They'd done it to Johnny again. They'd settled his hash for sure.

WHEN the finals were reached Johnny Goodman had beaten Egan, McCarthy, Seaver, and Ouimet. He'd beaten three men picked over him on the Walker Cup team; and he went into the clubhouse after the Ouimet match in the semifinals and sat down in a corner and stared at his shoes for many, many minutes.

Nobody knew whether Johnny Goodman was laughing or crying. Finally Francis Ouimet went over to the boy, dropped his hands on his shoulders, and said, "Kid, you're the best golfer in the world. Now go out and win tomorrow."

Johnny got up and looked at Ouimet a minute and grinned sheepishly, then opened his locker and stuck his head inside and stood there like an ostrich for fully ten minutes.

He didn't win the Amateur title. But the fact that he lost didn't keep Omaha from letting him know what it thought of him, or seeing to it that he got a job. He became an insurance salesman. That was as far from golf as he could get. He began to eat regularly and to make a home for his brothers and sisters.

Thus when the week of the National Open came around this year, word came out of Omaha that Johnny Goodman had gained fifteen or twenty pounds; that he was strong and happy and ready.

No one paid much attention to the news. There were giants at North Shore. Sarazen and Hagen, revived and refurbished, and the sensational Craig Wood and Runyan and the scholarly Densmore Shute and the gaunt and intriguing Armour.

They were a little surprised when they saw Johnny Goodman. He was heavier. His skin was clear, his neck and shoulders had filled out, his legs were strong and sturdy, his wardrobe was neat and adequate.

Armour started that tournament with a brilliant 68. The field was five strokes behind him and Goodman was nowhere in sight. At the end of the second round Goodman had shot a 66 and was in the lead. At the end of the third round, with the heat fairly burning the fairways down, he led the field by six strokes, with 211 for the fifty-four holes. Eighteen more to go and no one within six strokes of him.

He came down to the final green needing a par for a 287. He got it and he was one stroke under par for the seventy-two holes. He had indeed gone from subcellar to subpar.

Six hours later, after the presentation of the gold medal and the speechmaking—by members of the U. S. G. A.—Johnny Goodman was on his way back to Omaha where the home folks awaited him with bands and torchlight parades and confetti. They wanted to show the kid from over the tracks what they thought of him.

THE END

Here they are—

THE SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS IN LIBERTY'S $10,000 FIRST SERIAL OFFER

Approximately 6,000 manuscripts were received in response to Liberty's offer to buy the first novels of aspiring authors, provided they proved acceptable. Each manuscript received careful reading and consideration. Out of all the novels submitted Liberty has accepted two, both of which will be published in this magazine. The first of the stories is —

BRASSBOUND *By Mary Dupuy Bickel*

Mrs. Bickel was born in Chicago in 1895, the youngest daughter of George A. Dupuy, judge of the Superior Court of Cook County. She graduated from the University of Wisconsin and in her Junior year won a prize of $75 for writing the Junior play. On graduation she married John M. Bickel, older brother of Fredric March, the screen star. Besides bringing up her two daughters and holding her own in suburban New York contract bridge, Mrs. Bickel has always been troubled by the urge to write. "Rejection slips," she says, "meant nothing to me, and, undiscouraged, I embarked on my first novel, during the writing of which I neglected hundreds of dirty dishes, troops of buttons which wept to be tightened, and meals that sputtered and died for attention—everything which, taken all together, ought to spell mother but only spelled an ambitious woman who wanted and has now achieved not only a happy marriage but the thrill of having her first novel published."

MARY DUPUY BICKEL

THE SECOND CHOICE IS—

THE THING THEY LOVE *By Lucile Anetel*

Miss Anetel was born in Oneida County, New York, where most of the action in her novel takes place, and has lived there most of her life, except for intervals of travel on this continent, Europe, and South America. Travel, incidentally, Miss Anetel says, is her hobby and she has never succeeded in getting enough of it. Because the author is so well known she has used the pen name of Anetel on her novel.

Among the 6,000 manuscripts which were received Liberty's editors felt that those submitted by the following were worth honorable mention:

BAYNARD H. KENDRICK, 28 E. 56th Street, New York City, N. Y.; DOROTHY BENNETT, 1344 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, California; ROBERT B. PARKER, JR., South Lincoln, Mass.; MRS. ELIZ. MAURY COOMBS, 1210-A West Franklin St., Richmond, Va.; R. J. BURROUGH, 254 Seaman Avenue, N. Y. C.; ROGER DENISE GREENE, care E. W. Bacon, R. F. D. 1, Whittier, Calif.; ROSA STRIDER REILLY, 55 E. Tenth St., N. Y. C.; CHARLES BROMFIELD, JR., 103 Murray Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.; ELISABETH SEARS, 76 Mamaroneck Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.; KATE SARGENT, 17 Park Avenue, Winchester, Mass.; NELL KAY, Box 2024, Hollywood, Calif.; DOROTHY C. WALKER, 54 Larchwood Drive, Cambridge, Mass.; M. GEORGIEFF, 921 Clifford St., Flint, Mich.; WYATT R. RUNDELL, 202½ Main St., Newton, Kan.; MRS. IRA S. HOLDEN, 10 Garden Pl., East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio; N. K. McKECHNIE, 3 Springbank Avenue, Toronto, Ont.; PAUL G. HOWES, Authors Exchange Assn., Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. C.; P. B. MAXON, 13th Fl., 151 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.; McCREE VAUGHAN, 2629 C St., Meridian, Miss.; LEE R. WARD, 16 Temple St., Auburn, Me.; ALICE P. DOBBINS and BETTINA STINE JOHNSON, 16 Shepard St., Worcester, Mass.

"Hi, N

A Tale of Headlines and Heart Throbs, and a Hunch That Came Home to Roost

(Reading time: 37 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE peremptory note from the Old Man came while Sam Bradshaw was on the dead line of the seven-star. He glared at the yellow slip resentfully and then crushed it into his hip pocket. He noticed the predatory eyes of Jack Dawes, his assistant, on him then, and scowled.

Not until he'd put the edition away did he think of the note again. When the presses began to roll he walked back to his desk, coldly stared down the curious Dawes, took his seat, lighted a long evil-smelling Manila cigar, and then very deliberately pulled the crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and smoothed it out.

He read:

INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION
From: The Publisher
To: The Managing Editor
Re: Canfield story.
You will report to my office immediately.
(signed) J. L.

The inquisitive eyes of Dawes, of Blye, the city editor, and of Neuman, the pudgy head of the desk, were all on him as he lumbered across the city room, crossed the corridor, and entered the office of John L. Graham, the publisher, without bothering to knock.

The Old Man looked up with a heavy frown, dismissed his pretty secretary curtly, and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"You took your time, Brad," he said.

"Yeh," said Brad. "I had work to do."

"I said *immediately*," said J. L.

"I know," said Brad, "but you caught me on the line."

The publisher looked at him severely.

"I wasn't aware that an edition couldn't go in without *you*, Mr. Bradshaw," he said testily.

"Maybe it could," said Brad calmly, "but as long as I'm able to walk, it *won't*."

"I see," said J. L. softly. "I suppose the Star couldn't get along without you?"

Brad was beginning to get annoyed.

"Look, J. L.," he said. "Let's get on with this. What's on your mind?"

"You know what's on my mind," said the Old Man. "I've been waiting all day long for you to step out with an explanation. You made it necessary for me to summon you in."

"You mean about the Canfield yarn?" said Brad. "I didn't know an explanation was in order; but since you demand one, just what would you like me to explain?"

The Old Man said nothing; he just glared. Brad shrugged. He was getting more annoyed every minute.

"You think the story was underplayed?" he asked truculently.

"*Underplayed!*" the Old Man cried. "You bury the biggest story since the Lindbergh case on page three and you ask me if I think it was underplayed! A yarn every evening rag in town but the Star played from hell to breakfast—a story that even the poky old Dispatch,

"Good-by," she said. "Stay drunk till they fire you. Take plenty."

which has been in a coma ever since the Armistice, cracked under an eight-column line! Have you lost your mind?"

Brad managed to control himself with the greatest effort.

"It was my judgment that the tip I received was a phony," he said quietly.

"Your *judgment!*" roared J. L. "*Your* judgment! Have you forgotten who owns this newspaper?"

"No, I haven't," said Brad, raising his voice but still keeping his temper in leash. "But *I'm* the managing editor, J. L., and I'm not in the habit of running to papa every time a story breaks to see how he wants it handled. *I* thought the tip was a phony, and that's that. If I'm wrong I'll take the fall for it."

"So you thought it was a phony?" said J. L. nastily. "And you let every evening paper in town lick us cold, when you had the *same* tip that they had! You *deliberately* put three editions away without carrying a single line—"

"Where I come from we *confirm* our news," Brad broke in angrily. "If I went off half cocked every time some cheap underworld tipster got me on the telephone, we'd be fighting more libel suits than Times Square Brevities! I'm getting out a *newspaper*."

"And a thing's not *news*, I suppose, till you read it in the opposition's extras?" said the Old Man sarcastically.

"To me it's not necessarily news even then," said Brad. "I say the tip smelled like Limburger to me. That's my story and I'll stick with it."

"It's your story and you're *stuck* with it," said J. L., banging his fist down on his desk.

ellie?"

By

ROY CHANSLOR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"What am I supposed to do—cry?" asked Brad.

"You're supposed to say you pulled a dumb play, that you weren't on your toes—that's what you're supposed to do," said J. L. "We looked pretty, didn't we, coming out in the seven-star, *two hours late,* with a half-column story on page three? *And* a story without any *teeth!*"

"I can't help that," said Brad. "When I had satisfied myself definitely that Judge Canfield was really not to be found at his home, his office, or at any of his clubs, I put that fact in the paper—that fact and nothing more. I'm not in the habit of printing editorials in my news columns."

"I SUPPOSE you didn't think it was *news* that on the very day that a federal judge, a director of half a dozen banks, dropped utterly out of sight, one of the banks of which he is a director turned up with a million dollars missing!" said J. L. "A million dollars belonging to the poor people of the lower East Side!"

"I believe we carried the bank yarn on page one," said Brad mildly. "I also seem to recall a paragraph to the effect that Judge Canfield was a director. Maybe there is some sinister connection between the two things. If there is, *I* don't know about it, and I don't print what I don't *know.* But if you're interested in knowing what I *think,* Frank Canfield never stole a nickel in his life."

"I don't care what you think!" said J. L. loudly. "The two things coming together made the story, as every other paper in town realized."

"To hell with the other papers!" said Brad hotly. "Let them practically accuse a federal judge, a square shooter if ever there was one too, of looting a bank, of robbing widows and orphans and poor ignorant immigrants. Let them go out on a limb and crucify an honorable man and his family. That's not my way. I'm running a *newspaper!*"

"You mean you *were* running a newspaper," said the Old Man coldly.

"So what?" said Brad.

"So *what!*" cried J. L. "So you're *fired,* that's what!"

"Don't be a sap, J. L.," said Brad. "You can't fire me."

"The hell I can't!" cried the Old Man.

"There's a trifling matter of a little slip of paper," said Brad. "I believe they call it a contract."

"I'll break it if I have to," said J. L.

"Try and do it," said Brad, grinning. "Nate Nathan doesn't draw contracts to be broken."

"All right, sue me!" snapped J. L. "But get out!"

"Kayo, boss, I'll be suin' you," said Brad, and walked out of the office.

The Old Man glared after him for a long moment. He resisted his first impulse to call him back. Then his mouth set in a grim line. He reached for his desk phone.

"Get me the legal department," he said. "Hello, Davis. This is J. L. Get out the contract with Sam Bradshaw. . . . Yeh. I want to break it. . . . That's right, I said *break.* If there's the slightest loophole—"

Dawes, Blye, and Neuman, his immediate subordinates, were close together, near his desk, when Brad walked back into the city room. They sprang apart quickly and Brad smiled grimly. Then he strode to his desk.

The seven-star, fresh and gleaming, lay in front of him. Still standing, Brad picked it up, his eyes swiftly sweeping the front page. He broke the paper, glanced over pages two and three, the only other pages touched in the final remake. He grunted. They were O. K.

He put on his coat briskly, grabbed his battered twenty-dollar hat from the tree beside the desk, and without a word lumbered away—away from the desk he had held down for seven years, leaving it as he had always left it, an untidy mess of carbons, proofs, clippings, old papers, new papers, and pencil stubs.

As he went through the door he glanced back, and grinned as he saw Dawes, Blye, and Neuman go back into their huddle. They wouldn't shed any tears—even if he had made every one of them. This would mean a step up for each of them probably, at least while the lawyers wrangled over his contract.

Well, the hell with them! Dawes, without his restraining hand, his judgment, would have plenty of rope, plenty to hang himself! Not that he had anything against

"Nellie," said the Old Man. "Don't call me Nellie!" Brad shouted. Gerry laughed and he turned to glare at her.

Dawes. But in this game it was every man for himself and he wouldn't be sorry to see a few notions Dawes had knocked out of his head.

He was about to pass on down the corridor when he heard a familiar sound, the clatter of typewriter keys coming from the office of the Heart Throbs editor. Gerry Krale was doing her stuff for tomorrow. He hesitated a moment, then slowly retraced his steps toward her cubbyhole of an office.

He grinned at the door with its legend: Nellie Nelson, Heart Throbs Editor. Poor Gerry! Maybe he'd been a little rough on her, keeping her on that job, dishing out that daily tripe for eight whole months. How she hated it, and how it burnt her up to have to sign her stuff "Nellie Nelson," the standard old "by line" the paper had used on its lovelorn column for twenty-five years.

He was a little sorry he hadn't let her off this chore, put her back on the city staff, before this situation had come up. For Gerry was a good newspaperwoman, "the best damn' newspaperman in skirts in New York," even if she was in the dog house now. Brad had always liked Gerry. They'd been real pals until that day she'd muffed the Anna Stenfeldt confession.

Brad couldn't have forgiven his own mother for flopping on a story. He'd told her she'd better resign, and when she'd angrily defied him to fire her he'd said he wouldn't do that, but if she wanted to work for the Star her job thereafter was Heart Throbs. Just out of stubbornness—since any paper in town would have hired her in a minute—she'd said, "O. K."

And she'd stuck it out, too; but with her Brad's name was mud.

He grinned as he put his hand on the knob. Yes, it wouldn't be sporting to keep the news from Gerry. She had the laugh coming. He opened the door quickly, walked in, and sauntered over to her desk. She peered at him briefly through a heavy cloud of smoke, took another long drag, and went right on mauling the aged typewriter.

"Hi, Nellie?" said Brad.

"The name is Krale," she said coldly. "*Miss* Krale."

"Kayo, Nellie," said Brad.

"Don't *call* me Nellie," she said, "and don't slam the door as you go out."

"I got some good news for you," said Brad, grinning.

"Any news you got for me is *bad* news," said Gerry without looking up from her work.

Brad laughed.

"I'm leveling, kid," he said. "This is *good*."

She looked up sharply.

"You're not putting me back on the city staff?" she said.

He shook his head, grinning.

"You've developed cancer?" she said hopefully.

"Better than that," he said. "I been fired."

GERRY'S jaw dropped and with it the dangling cigarette. It landed in her lap. She jumped, turned over the typewriter, and cried, "*What?*"

"Fired, canned, bounced, discharged," said Brad.

Gerry righted the machine, placed the cigarette carefully back on her lower lip, blew a smoke screen out in front of her face, said, "Oh, yeh?" and went back to work.

"I just thought you'd like to know," he said, chuckling. "Now maybe they'll recall you from exile and put you back to work. I guess you've learned your lesson."

"Thanks," said Gerry, "for nothing."

"You don't believe I've been canned?" said Brad.

"With a Nate Nathan contract in your jeans?" said Gerry. "Don't make me laugh!"

"That's the only catch," said Brad complacently—"that contract."

"There had to be *some* catch," said Gerry with a sigh.

"But I'm out, just the same," said Brad, "pending suit on my contract. And your pal Jack Dawes is in."

"You wouldn't rib me?" said Gerry suspiciously.

"*Me!*" said Brad.

"What's it all about?" she said, sitting back.

"The Canfield yarn," Brad said. "The Old Man no likee the way I played that one. He says I muffed it."

"You sure did," said Gerry. "You flopped cold. And am I laughing! You only have to slip up once, mister. And I ought to know. Remember little Gerry Krale? And the Anna Stenfeldt confession? It seems she grabbed herself a little shut-eye, after being on the job for only nineteen hours, and she missed the squeal. So she got the business. How do *you* like it, pal?"

"I like it fine," Brad said. "The worst I can get is a vacation with pay. And if I had muffed this yarn the way you took a dive on Stenfeldt I wouldn't open my yap, contract or no contract."

"No?" said Gerry Krale. "Well, I hope they put you over the jumps, mister. I want to see you end up on the rim at the Bronx Home News."

"*Thanks,*" he said, "and good luck to you too, Nellie!"

"Don't call me Nellie!" she said angrily. "And scram. *I'm* busy!"

NATE NATHAN slowly handed the blue-backed folder across his desk. "I guess he's got you, Sam," he said. "Too bad. I'll never forgive myself for overlooking—"

"A lot of good your crocodile tears do me!" said Brad. "Where the hell were you keeping that great legal mind when you let that clause slip through? This makes an awful sap out of me—after laying down the law to the Old Man."

"Well, you should worry!" said Nate. "He can't *fire* you, anyhow."

"What's the difference?" said Brad. "He can take my desk away from me. I thought I had him hog-tied."

"Well, haven't you?" said Nate. "You get your pay check every Saturday night, even if he makes you sweep out the office for it. You can just sit tight and collect."

"And take orders from Jack Dawes?" Brad howled. "Why, man, I've beaten every idea he has ever had into his head with my fist. He'll ride me like a mule. No, sir; I'm *through.*"

"Fifteen grand is fifteen grand," said Nate softly.

"I wouldn't do it for fifty!" said Brad.

Nate shrugged philosophically. Brad seized the contract and glared at the appalling little joker J. L.'s legal department had dug out of it: ". . . and that the Publisher, hereinafter called the Employer, does employ the said Samuel J. Bradshaw as managing editor of the New York Evening Star, or in any other editorial capacity, at the designation of

"Gee, honey—I get such a kick out of watching Mildred over there with her new flame"...
"Yes, Dave—it's thrilling—he's so obviously fallen. You helped in that, Dave."
"I? Why?"...
"Well, you know—the time you got brutal. And showed Milly that ad about the seven stains"...
"Oh, that! Well, maybe you're right. She sure has those teeth men-love-to-see—now!"

Don't let the 7 stains dim the beauty of *your* teeth!

THE loveliest teeth in the world can lose their dazzle at the dining table. Can . . . and *do!*

For everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . 7 different kinds of stains, all told.

Some are tell-tale. Like blueberries. Others become visible only over a period of time. Yet ALL are a threat to beauty.

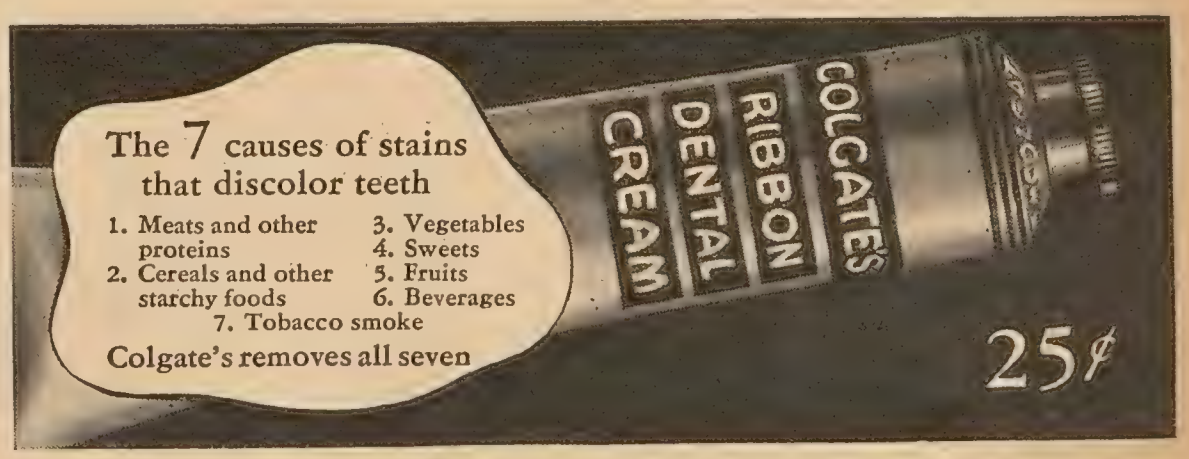
Though you be neat as a Dutch girl—though you conscientiously clean your teeth three times a day—those stains still may linger.

Why? Because all 7 stains will not surrender to the *single* cleansing action of many toothpastes. It takes TWO actions to rout them all—the TWO actions that Colgate's gives.

First, an *emulsive* action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle *polishing* action, that safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn't it worth 25 cents to have lovelier teeth—a more attractive smile? That's what a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream costs. Buy it. Try it—for 10 days. And let your mirror *prove* the difference it can make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



the Employer, the said John L. Graham, for a period of five years."

"'*Or* in any *other* editorial capacity,'" said Brad bitterly. "Hell's bells, Nate, that means he could make me exchange editor, or even put me on the copy-desk rim!"

"That's right," said Nate cheerfully.

"It's lucky it reads 'editorial capacity,'" Brad growled. "He could make a copy boy out of me!"

"Sure he could," agreed Nate. "But what do you care? Fifteen grand is fif—"

"Aw, shut up!" said Brad.

He picked up the phone and called the Star, got the Old Man on the wire.

"You win, J. L.," he announced. "So I *quit*, see?"

"Just a minute," said the Old Man purringly. "There's still that little matter of a contract—"

"You can take that contract and—" Brad began hoarsely.

"Sock it to you," said the Old Man grimly. "If I can't fire you, you can't quit! Now, when are you reporting for work?"

"When hell freezes over!" said Brad.

"That may be a long time to go without a job," said J. L. He began to grin to himself. He was enjoying this.

"Any paper in town will give Sam Bradshaw a job!" said Brad.

"Not while you're under contract to me!" said the Old Man. "If you don't work for the Star you don't work at all. And what are you going to use for money?"

Brad stared in consternation across the top of the phone at Nate Nathan. There was no need to repeat J. L.'s last words. He had yelled them at the top of his lungs. Nate Nathan shrugged and threw out his hands.

"That's right, Sam," he said. "He's got you on the hip. You couldn't get another newspaper job in a thousand years with that contract hanging over you."

The telephone receiver was emitting a succession of sharp cackles of triumph. Brad looked at it bitterly, seriously contemplating ripping it loose from its moorings and hurling it at the head of that ornament of the bar, Nathan N. Nathan, the author of all his woe.

But another cackle from the receiver caused him to change his mind.

"Kayo, Mr. Graham," he said. "I'll report at ten sharp in the morning. If you can stand it, I can."

"Ten, hell!" said J. L. "Your hours are from nine to five from now on."

Brad swallowed twice. Then:

"Nine it is, sir," he said, and hung up.

AT precisely nine the late managing editor of the Evening Star stalked down the corridor, past the familiar city-room door, and presented himself at the Old Man's office. He was shown in promptly.

He found J. L. leaning back in his chair complacently. By his side sat Gerry Krale. She smiled maliciously.

"Hi, Nellie?" she cried. . . .

The new Nellie Nelson chewed the end of a moribund Manila savagely as his flying fingers beat a rigadoon on the keys of the ancient typewriter which a succession of Heart Throbs editors had inherited through the years.

DEAR HEARTBROKEN [he wrote]:

I have lived so long in this gay, tragic, solemn, ridiculous old world of ours that I think I may truly say that youth, that glorious springtime of life . . .

He paused to squirt a brownish stream at Jack Dawes, the new managing editor, as he stuck his head in the door quickly and called "Hi, Nellie?" But Dawes, ever an artful dodger, withdrew his grinning face so promptly that only the glass of the door suffered.

Brad was again making the old machine groan when he saw a shadow on the door. By a miracle he was able to withhold his fire as Gerry Krale sauntered in. The battered old gobboon which had invaded these feminine precincts only with his advent received the charge which Gerry had so luckily avoided and Brad bent to his labors without so much as a word.

"Hi, Nellie?" said Gerry.

. . . and if you *really* love the boy, Heartbroken [he wrote], let no man or woman stand in the path of your happiness. For [he concluded with a satanic laugh] love is that beautiful thing for which there is no substitute, that divine spark which makes of life an adventure and a blessing.

He pulled the paper from the machine with a flourish, chuckled obscenely, and began swiftly to edit his copy.

GERRY fixed him with her infuriating grin.

"How goes it, Heart Throbs?" she asked.

"Why, how do you *do?*" Brad cried. "Come in and have a dish of tea. You're just in time to hear old Dr. Bradshaw on Love Through the Ages."

He looked at his copy and began to read: "'For love is that beeyewtiful thing—'"

"I believe you *like* that hooey," said Gerry.

"I simply *adore* it!" Brad gushed.

"Idiot!" said Gerry.

"Look, baby," said Brad. "This love's a great thing. No kidding! You ought to go in for it sometime, before you get too old."

But "the best damn' newspaperman in skirts" was gone.

He was the joke of the newspaper business, the butt of the columnists, the unfailing target of speakeasy humor. Hardly a day passed without one of the gossip boys taking a crack at "Nellie" Bradshaw—and it only made it worse that never did they explain *why* they called him "Nellie."

Like most of his kind, Brad had always been a gregarious animal. He wasn't a very hard drinker but he'd managed to take in three or four of the popular speaks every night just to see the boys. And, thanks to his job—through which he could graft passes—he'd always been an inveterate first-nighter.

Then, too, there'd been the Wednesday Night Poker Club, the Players, the Newspaper Club, and the apartments of half a dozen friends where he'd always been welcome and sure of running into other people in the business.

That derisive greeting, "Hi, Nellie?" had finally made him give up even the sanctuary of his friends' apartments. He'd always been such a ribber himself that not even his best pals could resist getting aboard when the riding started.

There were only two courses apparently left open to him—to get drunk and stay drunk, or to work most of his waking hours. Brad would have preferred the first course—since it would almost certainly have eventually led to his liberation through being fired—but he was stubborn.

And then, too, he was too good a newspaperman to lay down on the job, much as he hated it. So he began to

Next Week—

WHY THE WAR DEBTS MUST BE PAID

By Senator Arthur R. Robinson

A straightforward statement of the case against those who think the U. S. should foot Europe's bills

IS HOLLYWOOD DECADENT?

By Clara Beranger

Who offers herewith a prayer for relief from the "rag-and-bone" figure. Can we escape its spell?

And the first of a new series of startling murder stories

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN BICYCLE

By Edmund Pearson

work—work as no lovelorn columnist had ever worked before. Not for him the easiest way of making up his own letters and then answering them. He actually *read* the stuff as it dribbled in to his desk. And he made his column of the real letters.

Soon they began to increase in number; the mail basket on his desk grew more swollen every day; and before long he was reading them by the bale. Naturally he couldn't take them very seriously at first, but he quit his heavy-handed attempts at humor and wrote his stuff straight. And since he was a tolerant, broad-minded man of wide human sympathies and an understanding of the frailties of mankind, a note of easy-going sincerity crept into his column.

Brad was a newspaperman to the marrow of his bones, trained in the old school. The Sun of the great days had nurtured him; he was one of those vanishing fanatics whose veins run with printer's ink.

Your modern reporter is usually either a brisk young man who is writing a novel, a brash and brassy fellow with a yearning to be a press agent, or a sour and cynical incompetent who couldn't make a living anywhere else. To most of them "human interest," the god of the old romantics, is just a laugh, a hang-over cliché from the days of "scoops" and "star reporters."

BUT "human interest" wasn't a laugh to Sam Bradshaw, even if he hadn't had a man on his staff for five years who really knew how to write such a story. And it was that same "human interest" which fairly began to drip from the mail delivered daily to the Heart Throbs desk.

Brad never missed a one. By instinct his eyes were always peeled, and although he didn't realize it himself, he got so he looked forward to reading that stack of mail. He let the letters themselves tell their stories, using his answers merely to point them up skillfully. And slowly he was gaining that precious thing, reader confidence. Some of the letters—and they were often the best—were strictly confidential. And if he was asked not to print a letter, he never printed it. He was on the level—and that's something that people everywhere recognize.

To him all this work was just to pass the time, a stop-gap against the time when the Old Man would either hand him back his desk or take pity on him and tear up that pesky contract. If he hadn't had the column to occupy his time he'd probably have gone crazy, because he had no resources outside of his friends and his work. And he'd never been bitten by the writing bug, the ambition to knock off a play or a novel; he was just a newspaperman.

So he stuck to it for three months without audible complaint. And the very next day, when he checked in at nine sharp, he found one of those "inter-office communications" from the Old Man. He was glad to see

"He always looks *half-shaved*"

Too bad he doesn't use Palmolive and get a *full* shave.

WHY do some men always have that "half-shaved look?" The trouble rests largely with their shaving preparations. Some act too slow, and fail to soften the beard. Others act fast, but won't stay wet on the face. Still others are greasy and cause the razor to slip over large patches of hair. Most of them have one or two good points. But they fail in what is needed to give a FULL shave . . . a clean, close shave.

Palmolive—the shave cream more men use than any other kind—gives a FULL shave every time! Why? Because it does all five things a shaving preparation *must* do to give a FULL shave . . . to avoid that half-shaved look. We call your attention to the five famous Palmolive features on the right. The rich olive and palm oil content. Softens the beard in 60 seconds . . . holds each hair erect! Many creams contain one Palmolive feature—a few even two. But no other cream contains all five.

That's why we urge you to try a Palmolive FULL shave. See for yourself how much cleaner your face looks all day. For a limited time only your dealer is offering the large 35c tube for only 25c. Buy today while this offer lasts.

5 REASONS WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES *FULL* SHAVES

1 *Acts in one minute.* Each whisker is oil-coated. Palmolive emulsifies, removes oil instantly. Within 60 seconds wiry hairs turn soft like wax.

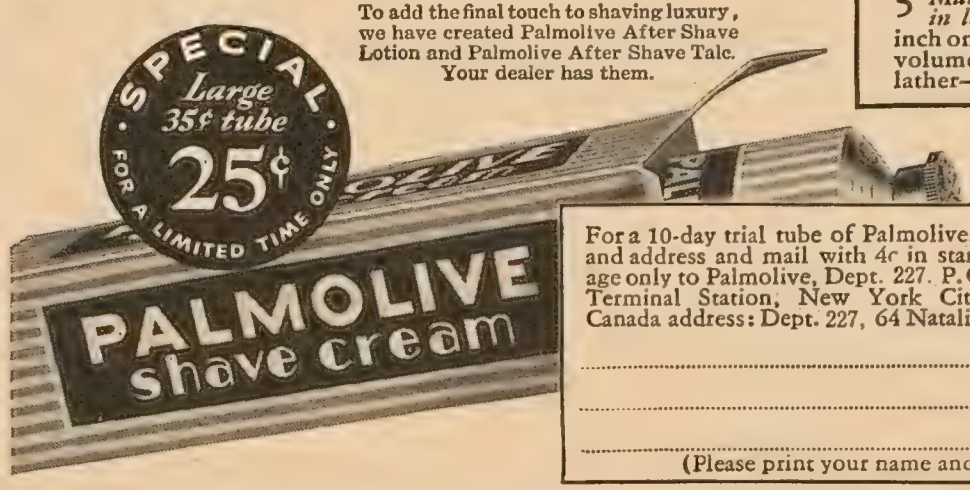
2 *Lasts 10 minutes.* Lather does not dry out. Beard stays soft, razor cuts close and clean.

3 *Lather is stiff.* Holds each hair upright so razor can't slide over.

4 *Olive and palm oil content* gives a rich, creamy, penetrating lather. Reaches the base of the beard. Also, acts like lotion on the skin.

5 *Multiplies 250 times in lather.* One-half inch on the brush gives volumes of rich, lasting lather—saves money.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shave Lotion and Palmolive After Shave Talc. Your dealer has them.



For a 10-day trial tube of Palmolive, insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps to cover postage only to Palmolive, Dept. 227. P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada address: Dept. 227, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto.)

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(Please print your name and address)

this one. He grinned happily as he read its polite request to come to the publisher's office.

Now, he thought, the exile was over. He'd plugged for three months without a whimper and the Old Man was going to give him a break.

The Old Man was a tough bird, but he'd had his satisfaction. Dawes was getting by as m. e., but he was certainly no ball of fire. The time was ripe for putting the real boss back at the helm. In his mind, as he walked toward the Old Man's office, he turned over his plans for getting even with all the whippersnappers who'd kept him on the griddle for three months. He chuckled as he thought how he'd put Dawes over the hurdles, what he'd do to Blye, to Neuman. He'd have to give the problem of Gerry Krale a little serious thought. That little detail wanted some master stroke.

He was smiling complacently as he stepped into J. L.'s office. The Old Man greeted him in a friendly way and Brad's hopes rose with a rush. He took a chair and deliberately lighted one of his Manila cigars. The Old Man made a wry face, plucked the weed from Brad's mouth, and substituted one of his own Havanas.

BRAD much preferred his own nauseous brand, but he prized the gesture and inhaled luxuriously as J. L. himself lighted the cigar for him with his gold lighter. The Old Man carefully cut the end of his own cigar, lighted it, puffed at it reflectively a moment.

"Brad," he said finally, "I want to congratulate you."

Brad beamed and blew a series of smoke rings. Should he stick Gerry Krale back in Heart Throbs? But no; that showed little imagination. It was too crude. This affair wanted a Machiavellian touch. The Old Man was still talking. Brad began to catch up with his words.

". . . and you've sure put it over," J. L. was saying. "When you took over that column it was as dead as a congressman's head. Now it's got the old bounce in it. People actually *read* it! And plenty of them, too."

What was the Old Man driving at? Brad began to wonder if this weren't some kind of a gag.

"Do you see that file?" said the Old Man.

Brad saw it, but he wasn't remotely interested in files. The Old Man pulled out first one drawer and then another.

"Look," he said. "Letters!"

Brad laughed hollowly. "I've seen enough letters in the last three months to last me a lifetime," he said. "Take them away—you're breaking my heart!"

"Every letter in that file is a rave to me about Heart Throbs," said J. L. "And every single one of them has come into this office since you took over that department. Man, you've got a *real* thing there. Do you know how much circulation that column has built?"

"I know one circulation it's wrecked," said Brad. "And look. A laugh's a laugh and I guess you got one coming; you paid for it. But let's cut the comedy and get down to business. I'm hollering 'uncle,' if that's what you want. This thing has got me punch-drunk. I've stuck three months without a squawk, but now I'm asking for a break. How about calling it all off?"

"Call it off!" cried the Old Man. "You must be crazy."

"Just about," said Brad. "I hope you're satisfied."

"I'm handing you a flock of congrats," said J. L., "and you sit there and shed 'em like water."

"Yeh?" said Brad. "Kayo. A gag's a gag and I'm laughing. Now when do I get my desk back?"

"You don't seriously think I'm going to wreck that Heart Throbs column to put you back at your desk?"

"*What!*" said Brad.

"Go back to your cubby-hole and keep it up," said J. L. "That's all I wanted to see you about—to tell you you're hitting the ball and I'm mighty pleased."

J. L. rose and held out his hand. Brad stared at it incredulously.

"So you're still giving me the business?" he said. "You don't think I've had enough? You're going to hold me to that cockeyed contract?"

"Until hell freezes over," said J. L. "I believe that was your phrase, Brad."

"For the love of Pete, J. L.," Brad said, "have a heart!"

"That's all," said the Old Man, lowering his hand.

"So you'll even pay fifteen grand a year to sock it to me?" said Brad. "Boy, that grudge must be biting you deep!"

"I haven't any grudge," said J. L. "That column is *worth* fifteen thousand dollars a year to me. Good morning."

The last vestiges of Brad's already badly frayed temper vanished.

"Good morning, hell!" he shouted. "You've got me right, J. L., *so far!* But I've got an ace in the hole. From now on that column is going to be so damn' *lousy* that even a half-witted old maid won't read it. And how do you like *them* apples?"

Brad slammed his fist on the desk, turned, and started out. J. L. laughed. Brad turned, furious, and was further enraged at the bland expression on the Old Man.

"Don't talk like a fool," said J. L. "You couldn't lay down on a job if your life depended on it. You're too damn' good a newspaperman."

"Oh, so I'm 'too damn' good a newspaperman,'" snarled Brad.

"Yes," said J. L. calmly.

He pressed a button on his desk. Brad was still inarticulate with anger as the pretty secretary came in.

"Show Miss Nelson out," said the Old Man courteously.

"SO you *can't* take it?" said Gerry Krale.

"Scram!" said Brad.

He glared balefully at her across the speakeasy table.

"Yes, sir, you can dish it out, but you can't take it," she said.

"Who asked you to horn in?" said Brad thickly.

She started to rise as the bartender returned with two drinks. He placed one in front of her and handed the other into Brad's outstretched hand. The bartender withdrew. Gerry got up, pointed to the drink on her side of the table, and said:

"I hope you didn't order that rat poison for *me*, because I'm particular about who I drink with."

"*Good*-by!" said Brad.

"Good-by, sucker," she said. "Stay drunk till they fire you. Take plenty. But with every shot turn this over in your so-called mind: you broke Gerry Krale and

VANISHING AMERICA

The Individual Shaving Mug

Remember — of course the ladies won't—when you used to go into a barber shop and see the rows and rows of shaving mugs, many of them with the owner's name in fancy gold lettering? Well, they are about all gone now, but the memory lingers on. This photograph was sent in by Ross L. Barton, 3615 N. Sydenham Street, Philadelphia. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

she didn't squawk. *Eight* months she battled that Heart Throbs bilge without hollering 'uncle.' Three is pretty good for you. Because you're short, mister, on *guts!*"

Brad peered drunkenly after her as she strode angrily out of the speakeasy. Then he looked at the drink he still held in his hand. He laughed shortly and put it inside him.

He managed to focus on the glass across the table, where Gerry had sat. So she wouldn't drink with him? He heard, in his mind, snatches of what she'd been saying: "So you can't take it? . . . You broke Gerry Krale. . . . She didn't squawk. You can dish it out. . . ."

Angrily he reached across the table and seized the glass. He put it to his lips. But he couldn't keep that last deadliest blow of all from ringing in his ears: "Because you're short, mister, on *guts!*"

He lowered the glass, set it down. His fist clenched; the cords on his forearm stood out. Then suddenly he smiled. He picked up the glass, raised it in a silent toast, drank off the raw whisky at a gulp. Then, slowly, he crushed the glass in the palm of his hand, crushed it until the blood from his palm slowly came through his tight fingers and began to drip on to the table. Then he dropped the glass to the floor, paid his bill, and lumbered out of the speakeasy.

BRAD had a terrible hang-over, but he calmed his jittering nerves with a cigarette and then doggedly plunged into his chore. He pulled out a letter at random, read it, and then stared dully, resentfully at the heaped-up wire basket on the desk. There were even more letters than usual. Brad tossed the first letter aside and tried another. It was just as bad.

He gave a snort of irritation then, and simply picked out four letters, hit-or-miss, read them through, and then began to write his column. The hell with the rest of the letters! It was a miracle he was here at all, even just to go through the motions. He should be home in bed. That's where he would be right now if it hadn't been for that blasted Gerry Krale!

"That blasted Gerry Krale" was at that moment hurrying along the corridor, headed for the city room. She heard the crash of the keys, stopped a moment, surprised, almost opened the door. But then she grinned, waved a mock salute at the door marked "Nellie Nelson," and continued on into the city room.

Brad finished his stint—at least he finished the required number of words—and then listlessly edited his copy. He laughed mirthlessly as he ringed the heart with which he slugged each page and rang for a boy. After the copy had gone up, he sat for a moment surveying that pile of letters. He shrugged. The hell with them! He wanted a drink.

He put on his coat, grabbed his hat, and drifted out across the street to Pete's Place, a fairly safe spot at this

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

WHY multiply your tortures by irritating an already inflamed nose with a rough, damp handkerchief, soggy and astringent with accumulated nasal fluid?

Do as countless other hay fever sufferers have done—switch from handkerchiefs to Kleenex, and find blessed relief throughout the hay fever season!

Soft, dry, soothing

Kleenex is comforting, soothing, silky, because it is made of cellulose—the softest yet strongest of tissues.

Kleenex is more efficient, because it is so highly absorbent—far more so than linen or cotton. It is cleanlier, always fresh and dry, because you simply use and destroy, instead of carrying always with you that soggy, messy, revolting, mucus-soaked handkerchief!

And no more eternal handkerchief washing, the most disagreeable job you can inflict on yourself or anyone else! As for having handkerchiefs laundered—it costs less to use Kleenex.

Try the new Pocket Packet

Hay fever sufferers especially will appreciate the new Pocket Packet of Kleenex. Each packet contains 12 full-size Kleenex tissues.

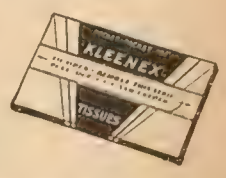
Use the regular 25c package in home or office. Carry the Pocket Packet with you. It fits your purse or pocket, always handy. And so easy, when you are out, to drop in at the nearest drug store and get a fresh supply—2 packets for 5c.

THE POCKET PACKET

Take it with you wherever you go—indispensable, convenient

2 packets for 5c

New!...Kleenex Pocket Packet. 24 full-size tissues, 5c. Every druggist should have them on his counter.



KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

If you use a
MOUTH
ANTISEPTIC
..it pays to COMPARE!

You probably like the mouth-wash you're now using. But you'd be glad to find a better one...for less money. Then compare Vicks Voratone on this special money-back offer.

Compare the STRENGTH

Diluted with equal parts of water, Vicks Voratone is powerful enough to meet approved standards of antiseptic strength. *Full strength*, it is perfectly safe for daily use.

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hour of the morning, when all good newspapermen, and most of the bad ones too, were at work or asleep. At least Pete never greeted him with a "Hi, Nellie?" Pete was a good old egg. He understood when a guy was in the dumps and let him alone.

Moodily he consumed a whisky sour, ordered another one, under the ageless delusion that if one sour makes you feel just barely alive the morning after, two will make you feel twice as good. He drank the second and didn't feel twice as good, so he ordered a third.

He told himself what a sap he was to be thinking about that heap of unread mail. Wasn't this the first time he hadn't faithfully gone through every letter? And weren't ninety-nine per cent of them always flat and unprofitable? It was a good bet he'd found four that were as good as any of the others.

The third sour made him feel approximately like a human being, so he ordered a fourth. Why should *he* break his neck? Why, until he took over that department nobody had read a letter to Heart Throbs in twenty years! And none of them had ever had a tenth of the letters he had right now on his desk.

"You're damn' right they didn't," he said aloud, and Pete, from the other end of the bar, nodded emphatically, not sure just what Brad was talking about, but agreeable. "Hell, I'm not dogging it," Brad said, apparently addressing whisky sour number four. He drank up his audience and surveyed the empty glass.

He couldn't help wondering if there had been maybe just one letter, or two, in that pile which would have repaid his attention. Of course there wasn't. Yet he felt funny, like a fellow who'd walked out in the middle of a play. Maybe it was a dull play, but there was always that old curiosity: just how did the blasted thing turn out?

PETE had spied his empty glass and was coming down the bar toward him. Brad turned away, wavering a little; then he started for the door.

"Not goin', Brad?" Pete asked. "This un's on me."

"Be back," Brad muttered. "Forgot something."

Back in his cubby-hole, he glared sourly at the pile of letters in the metal basket. He told himself he'd just look over a few, say a dozen, and if he found anything worth the trouble he could send up a sub. So he read fifteen letters. Just as he'd suspected—nothing. So he read a couple more. He thought of the drink waiting for him at Pete's.

He pushed the letters aside and started to get up. A crazy refrain began to run through his mind, all jumbled up: "You couldn't lay down on the job. Dish it out but can't—you *can't* take it. . . . You're too damn' good a newspaperman. . . . Short, mister, on *guts!*"

"Hell!" he said and reached for the basket. He was methodically going through the pile when Gerry Krale stuck her head in the door.

"Hello, Brad," she said.

He looked at her dully. She sounded kind of friendly. He grunted and ripped open another letter.

"You look like the wreck of the Hesperus," she said. "Could you go for a cup of java?"

Brad buried his nose in the letter.

"Can't you see I'm *busy?*" he growled.

BRAD sat at his desk staring at the letter in front of him—staring at it but not seeing it. He didn't need to see it; he knew it all by heart. Presently he shook himself, lighted a Manila, and glanced at his basket. Three more letters. He read them mechanically. Then he went back to *the* letter.

DEAR NELLIE NELSON [it read]:

I suppose you're a phony too and this letter will end up in the sewer. To me these lovelorn columns have always been strictly the hooey, but I get a kick out of them, even the phonies. You know, the idea of some hard-boiled sob sister dishing out the sweet and low-down to a bunch of saperoos.

Maybe it's softening of the brain, but somehow I've got it into my bean in the last couple months that maybe yours is different. It smells like the McCoy. I guess I'm kind of mushy, like a lot of other "women of a certain type." Because that's what I am—a chiseler. But I've got something on my chest I'd like to get off, and if the ash can gets it maybe it's just as well. But maybe just dishing it out will go a little ways toward cleaning this baby up in her own soul. Yes, I said *soul*, sister!

Anyhow, I'm playing my hunch that maybe you're on the up and up, and here goes. Through me a guy was given a dirty deal—a right guy too, even if he was a judge—and I feel plenty rotten about it. So here it is while I got the Joe Remorse.

I wouldn't spill this to the coppers, because I hate their guts. But I just happen to feel like unloading it somewhere, even if it's only the wastebasket, before I grab a handful of clouds. So if you do read this you can take it or leave it, because I won't be around to know anyhow. And here's the low-down:

Judge Canfield was framed and murdered. The boys in the racket, meaning especially Beau Brownell, gave him the works because he was poison to them all, being a real dry and a square shooter. Beau ran the show, and I'm the broad they used to hook the old boy with. I guess I wouldn't be squawking, because the Lord hates a squealer, if they'd just slipped him the heat and let it go at that. But Beau, who was facing trial in Canfield's court for rum-running and knew what to expect—about ten years in Leavenworth—rubbed it in too thick.

Beau knew a teller in the Central Labor Savings Bank, and he had him right, so he made him palm a million bucks and turn it over to him. Then he framed the judge by putting the snatch

on him—you know, kidnaping—and tipped the papers that Canfield and the East Siders' savings had taken a powder at the same time. Canfield being a director in the bank, a lot of people put two and two together and it added up to a million.

Well, here's the reason for my squeal. Beau let the old judge read the papers which nailed him and his family to the cross before he bumped him off. And I was there when he did it. They can't seem to make gin fast enough to make me forget my share, sister, and that's why I'm cracking it all now.

If you've bothered to read this at all it must sound screwy. But there's a grave in Woodlawn with a phony tag on its headstone that can tell you different. Look for the body of Francisco Hernandez and you'll find Judge Canfield. So there it is—and here goes nothing. GRACE STARR.

The phone on Jack Dawes's desk jangled loudly. Lazily he reached for it.

"Hold for an extra!" the Old Man said.

Dawes was barking the orders to the pressroom when Brad and J. L. swung into the city room shoulder to shoulder. There was a volley of orders from both and then Brad handed Dawes the letter from Grace Starr.

"Have this set in a two-column box for page one, Jack," he said.

Brad hunched over a rewrite man and began to dictate.

"Give it to us in short takes," J. L. said.

He leaned over, seized the first paragraph, the lead, from the machine, flung the carbon to Neuman, head of the copy desk, said, "Gimme a four-column head and an eight-column line," and then raced his short legs to the composing room.

As he growled his orders to the composing-room foreman, Dawes arrived with the second paragraph, and as he hurried back to the city room the Old Man passed Neuman himself with the heads and the streamer line, Blye, the city editor, with take number three, and a rewrite man with number four.

In the city room Brad was dictating as fast as he could talk. The Old Man glanced at the clock and grinned.

THE peremptory note from the Old Man came while Brad was dictating the last half column of the Canfield story. He glanced at the familiar yellow slip, saw, "Re: Canfield story. You will report to my office immediately," cursed the boy, crammed the piece of paper into his hip pocket, and went on dictating.

When he had finished, he wiped the sweat off his face and trudged out of the city room.

The Old Man was leaning back in his chair, cigar pointed ceilingward. Gerry Krale sat beside him.

"You took your time," the Old Man said gruffly.

"Yeh," said Brad. "I had work to do."

"I said immediately," said J. L.

"I know," said Brad, "but you caught me on the line. Now then, what the hell is on your mind *now?*"

"Nellie," said the Old Man, "you—"

"Don't call me *Nellie!*" Brad shouted.

Gerry laughed and he turned to glare at her.

"Nellie," said the Old Man, "you're fired!"

Brad looked at him. J. L. had on his poker face.

"I've got to get someone to replace you," said J. L. thoughtfully. "I asked Miss Krale to take over the job again, but she says she wants to stay on the city staff. I told her she'd have to ask the managing editor. What do you say, Brad?"

Brad wanted to shout with joy. Instead he looked as thoughtful as he could.

"Well," he said, "I don't know—"

"Brad!" said Gerry. "You're not going to wish that job on me again?"

"That job?" said Brad. "Nellie Nelson? I should say I'm not! I want a *good* man for that spot. I've got the very guy: Jack *Dawes!* I guess you'll just have to keep on being a dumb reporter."

"Brad, you're an angel," said Gerry Krale.

The Old Man laughed raucously.

"An angel!" he cried.

"Come on, baby," said Brad, taking Gerry's arm. "I *could* go for that cup of java now. I *need* it!"

THE END

THIS SOAP CONTAINS PRECIOUS ELEMENTS SKIN NEEDS TO STAY YOUTHFUL
THAT'S TRULY REMARKABLE, YET I'M NOT SURPRISED WE SCREEN STARS HAVE PROVED FOR YEARS LUX TOILET SOAP KEEPS SKIN YOUNG-LOOKING.
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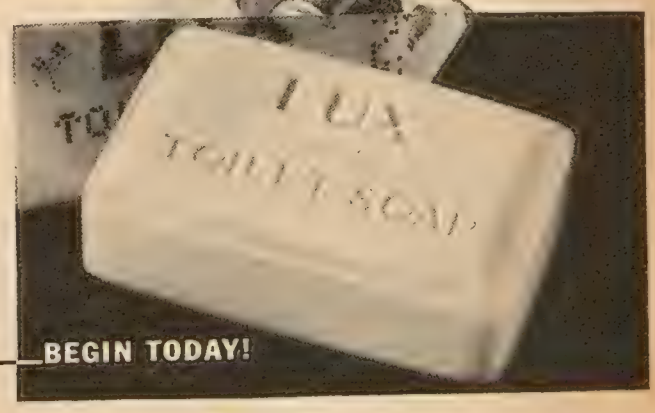

The man spoke a few words in her ear—words which seemed to frighten him as he uttered them. The woman listened with a grin.

Did an Assassin End the Career of Red Russia's Mysterious "Power Behind the Throne"?

By

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

Illustration by STOCKTON MULFORD

The Strange Life of Stalin's

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)

PRINCESS RADZIWILL told last week of the rare devotion which from her infancy Nadejda Alliluieva, called Nadya, lavished upon Zozo Dzugashvili, whom the world knows as Stalin. He and her father were comrade revolutionists. Before the World War she saved him more than once from the Czar's police. In 1912, solely for his sake, she made friends with a police agent. He saw them together and, child though she still was, conceived jealous doubts of her. The agent was found murdered. Stalin was arrested on suspicion. Nadya presented herself before the general who was head of the court. "Joseph Dzugashvili is innocent!" she cried. "It was I who killed that man!"

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"YOU killed that man!" exclaimed the general. "Impossible! How could you do it, and why should you?"

"Why?" she exclaimed. "Because he pursued me wherever I went; because on that day he had met me in the street and made me go with him to a teahouse, and then tried to drag me somewhere else—where, he didn't tell me. He said if I screamed or tried to escape him he would have my whole family arrested! And then—well, I had my dagger with me, and I killed him! I would have kept quiet about it, but I heard Dzugashvili had been arrested. We all knew you there in the Caucasus, and I was sure I could trust you!"

"How old are you?" asked the general.

"Fourteen," she replied, adding a year to her real age. "And I killed that man—I did really, really—and you must release Dzugashvili! It is I who must be punished!"

The general looked at her again. A girl of fourteen; could she have done such a thing? On the other hand he knew what Georgian women were. But this was a child, a beautiful, passionate child. He had daughters himself.

"Listen, child," he said. "I don't know whether you have told me the truth or not, and I suspect that you have not. But even if you really killed that man, the best thing you can do is to forget it. I will also. And as for your Dzugashvili, I was on the point of releasing him when you came. There is nothing against him that can be proved. So just go home. You are too young to go behind bars!"

"You are quite sure there is nothing against him?"

"Quite; and now go, and don't try that sort of thing again—you might be taken at your word."

Nadya threw her arms around the old general's neck and kissed him, then ran out of the room.

Stalin was released, but rearrested almost immediately, this time on suspicion of revolutionary propaganda. He was kept in close confinement several months, then exiled to the Turukhansk district in the province of Yeniseisk on the polar circle, from whence escape was impossible.

His stay in this remote and dreadful region was to last just four years.

and Death *of* Wife

There was quite a colony of political exiles in Turukhansk. Stalin held aloof from them. He was growing more and more morose and somber. The World War had begun, and of course was eagerly discussed by these people. Endless conjectures were made as to the time when the revolution which all knew was unavoidable would break out in Russia. Still Stalin kept aloof. If the truth were known, it was not of his fatherland or of his political convictions, not of the past or of the future he was thinking and dreaming, but of a slight, dark-eyed girl, little more than a child, whom he had left behind him; a girl who had risked her life more than once for his sake, of whose love he had felt sure, but whom now he could not help suspecting. That other man, that police officer—how had she induced him to confide in her, a mere child, and to tell her official secrets? This was the thing Stalin would have given ten years of his existence to know, to be sure about.

"It is impossible, she is but a baby," he kept repeating.

But he knew that "baby" had the passions of a woman, he knew that in his native Georgia girls became mothers at thirteen. . . .

"I will kill her, I will kill her," he kept saying to himself through those dreary months and years. And yet he could not bring himself to believe what he suspected and feared.

And then one morning there came news which electrified the colony of exiles. A comrade was on the way from distant Petrograd—a comrade bringing news from the outer world, perhaps from Lenin.

And the comrade did come, arrived during one bleak arctic night when a tremendous aurora was lighting up the dark northern skies; a tall, thin youth, all wrapped up in heavy furs, who for lack of any other place to put him in was bundled into Stalin's hut. There he took off his wraps with unusual hurry—and before the astonished eyes of Zozo Dzugashvili stood the girl of whom he had been dreaming!

FOR a few moments he was speechless. To have her here with him, close to him, beside him! It seemed impossible. He dared not utter a word, lest she vanish from his sight. So it was the girl who first broke the tense silence. She went up to Zozo Dzugashvili, put her hands on his shoulders, and looked into his face for a long time. Then she bent down and touched his forehead with her lips.

The whole night that followed they sat together, talking and talking. All that was going on in Russia and the world they discussed together during the hours she was supposed to be sleeping and resting. But never once did Stalin make an attempt to get nearer to this girl whose memory had haunted his days and nights, whose image had made his blood boil and set his brain on fire. Now that she was with him he lacked the courage to put to her the question which had ceaselessly tormented him—the question whether she was still inexperienced, as he so fiercely wanted her to be.

Nadejda Alliluieva remained three days in Turukhansk. She had risked the dangers of the interminable journey to see for a few hours the man to whom she had given her heart, the man who—she knew it but too well—loved her in return with a savage passion. But except for the one kiss which she had softly laid on his brow, no caress had passed between them.

But as he was putting her into the sleigh which was to carry her back to civilization, Stalin bent over her and whispered in her ear:

"Wait for me, and when I come back I will not be the coward I have shown myself! I will take you to be mine!"

The Romanovs had fallen. The mighty empire of Peter the Great had crumbled into the dust. All the political exiles who had been watching for the catastrophe returned to Petrograd and fell upon the unhappy city. Among them came Lenin and Stalin and Trotzky. But now they were in power these men who had worked together in the past found out that each of them had a different aim. In the beginning Stalin seemed to support the provisional government, as it called itself, of Prince Lvov, Miliukov, and Gutchkov. Lenin refused it his support; he began to pour invectives on a revolution which "permitted capitalists to run the country." It was not long, however, before the situation was reversed, and it was Stalin who became the spearhead of the extremist parties that were within a few weeks to be absolute masters of Russia.

From the very beginning profound differences separated the leaders, differences which probably, had Lenin

lived, would have ended in his downfall, just as they ended in Trotzky's banishment. Nevertheless the Bolshevist movement grew stronger every day, and eventually triumphed.

All that time Stalin had remained in the background. It was the hand of Nadya Alliluieva, who had rushed to him as soon as he had arrived in Petrograd, which was holding him back. She had studied the situation carefully as well as the men who had risen to power, and she did not want Zozo Dzugashvili to compromise himself with any of them. She wanted him to come out alone, at the proper moment, and to become what he is today, dictator.

When the seat of the government was transferred to Moscow the Alliluiev family moved there, and Nadya became Stalin's secretary. Their relationship at that time was singular. They worked together, discussed everything of importance; but no love was ever mentioned between them. They loved each other passionately, but the man never spoke and the woman was too proud to say a word. The one and only mention of that we find in the records that exist of these weeks was made when Stalin, who could not find an office for his commissariat in Moscow, took it into his head to commandeer the Great Siberian Hotel, without having authority to do so. Rather than waste a moment, he called one of his clerks and ordered him to look for "the Alliluiev girl" and tell her to typewrite signs reading: "This building belongs to the Commissariat for National Affairs."

It was "the Alliluiev girl" who had suggested to him the advisability of such an extreme measure.

She was suggesting many things, and drawing his attention to many points which otherwise perhaps would not have struck him. These were anxious days for the Bolsheviks, who were not yet sure of their power. They were wavering between annihilation of their enemies and leniency toward them. There were perpetual quarrels on the subject. Lenin tried to preserve peace between Stalin and Trotzky; it was not an easy thing to do, especially after Trotzky succeeded in getting himself appointed commander of the Red Army.

MOREOVER, in those days, Stalin was not yet quite sure of himself. It was only after he had been dispatched to the lower Volga as controller of food supplies that he blossomed out into something like the dictator he was to become later on. It was there that his first open conflict with Trotzky began. Both were striving to get hold of the Red troops stationed in the region, and to inspire the civil population of Tsaritsyn with a salutary fear of the new rulers. One of the first things which Stalin did was to establish a special division of the Cheka to deal with anyone who attempted to criticize any order issued by him. But at that time Trotzky was still all-powerful, and he put an ultimatum before Lenin: either he or Stalin must go. Lenin yielded, and Sverdlov was dispatched to Tsaritsyn with orders to bring Stalin back to Moscow.

Before Sverdlov got there, Nadya Alliluieva, always on the lookout, contrived to warn Stalin of what was awaiting him. "Get rid of Trotzky," she wrote to him, "before he gets rid of you." Her suggestion did not fully persuade him, and he returned to Moscow.

Wide World photo

The funeral of Stalin's wife, Nadejda Alliluieva.

He had changed, and no one suspected what had brought this change about. He seemed desperately irritable, always finding fault and suspecting everybody of treason. No one guessed that what lay behind all this was his passionate love for Nadya Alliluieva, coupled with the haunting fear that there had been other men in her life. This was why he had allowed years to pass without speaking the words which the girl had all the time expected.

At last he could hold out no longer.

"I am going to marry you," he said; "but if I find I am not the first one I will kill you!"

Stalin was already married. He had been separated from his wife for years. Divorce, however, is easy to obtain in Soviet Russia, and one morning he appeared before the bureau and filled out the application blanks. The next day he brought Nadya Alliluieva to his rooms in the Kremlin as his wedded wife. She was not quite eighteen, and he had had the proof that his long-obsessing distrust had been unfounded.

FOR Nadya a new life began. It was a happy one, strange to say. This girl born and bred in an atmosphere of fear and danger had learned to dread nothing and nobody. She loved Stalin passionately; but she did not allow him to take the upper hand in their married life. She remained "the friend and devoted aide" that she was called in the announcement of her death, which he is reported to have written. She knew, better perhaps than he did, all the perils with which he was surrounded. She understood that in the complete solitude in which they lived in the Kremlin, it was impossible to learn the real state of public opinion otherwise than through professional spies. This was the reason why she enrolled as a student in the All-Union Industrial Academy of Moscow and mixed freely with all her classmates.

She thoroughly understood Stalin's character, was aware of his weaknesses. She knew that in decisive moments he had to be pushed forward, that unless he was persuaded to get rid of his enemies they would get rid of him. Stalin was no longer on good terms with Lenin, who had become annoyed at his imperiousness. There had been quarrels with Lenin's wife. Then there was Trotzky, who, Nadya knew well, was only awaiting an opportunity to deal Stalin a destroying blow. The situation was indeed a dangerous one, and everything depended upon Lenin.

But at this juncture fate took a hand. Lenin had his first stroke. He recovered from it, but was never the same man. And meanwhile Stalin had won to his support against Trotzky several influential leaders.

Lenin, however, sick as he was, had begun to realize the danger which threatened the edifice he had built. He wrote a letter to his followers, to be opened after his death, in which he expressed the opinion that for the general good Stalin "ought to be removed from his position as Secretary General of the Central Committee." By accident the contents of this letter became known to Stalin's wife. She said nothing about it to him, but contrived after Lenin's death that this last testament of his should be forgotten in the archives. It was only much later, when the position of Stalin as dictator was unshakable, that its existence became known to the public.

In the interim, Nadya had been working. Stalin hated

Trotzky, yet did not see just how to attack him. Nadya it was who inspired Stalin to raise a hue and cry against Trotzky and his ambitions. The result was Trotzky's exile.

All through these eventful years Stalin and his wife had been living a sort of idyl. They had two children whom they adored. To the general public Nadya remained a mystery. No one knew what she was doing, no one could say positively whether she was a nonentity or the "power behind the throne." Nobody suspected that there were hours when her formidable husband would kneel before her, lay his head in her lap, and meekly say, "Nadya, tell me—tell me whether you love me as much as I love you!"

Sometimes they came in conflict. Nadya did not believe in useless bloodshed, and more than once she tried to save unfortunates sentenced to be shot just because they belonged to the former ruling class. There was a story in Moscow to the effect that she had one day persuaded the jailer of the famous Lubianka prison to open its doors to a prisoner. When Stalin heard of it he broke out in furious reproaches. His wife listened unmoved, and then said simply, "I helped you when you were being hunted by the Czar's police. That gives me the right to help those whom your police want to shoot."

Stalin was silenced. He took her hands and passionately kissed them.

THUS their life went on. People began to say that Nadya Alliluieva was the moving spirit that drove Stalin along. They began to fear her. Moscow, both Red and White, started talking; and when Moscow talks, especially when it whispers, something sinister is sure to follow.

To the Reds Stalin had ceased to be a hero. Once he had been one of them, but now he was their inexorable master.

"It is all that cursed woman! It is she who has changed him!" they said. "If only she weren't there, everything would be all right!"

"Yes, but she is there, always with him, never leaves him. There's nothing to be done—unless—"

Red Moscow was seeing red, just as it had done in the past, when together with it Zozo Dzugashvili had been plotting the Czar's overthrow. Monarchist Moscow also was covertly plotting. Adherents of the old régime were meeting in secret. They had come to the sad conclusion that a man stronger than Trotzky, stronger in a way than Lenin himself, had arisen and was firmly establishing the rule they hated.

"It is all that woman," they said, as the Reds did. "She wants him to become Czar. She ought to be put out of the way."

A conspiracy was engendered, a conspiracy that seemed to have ramifications everywhere.

Russia has always had healers and witches, old men or women supposed to know occult secrets and to be re-

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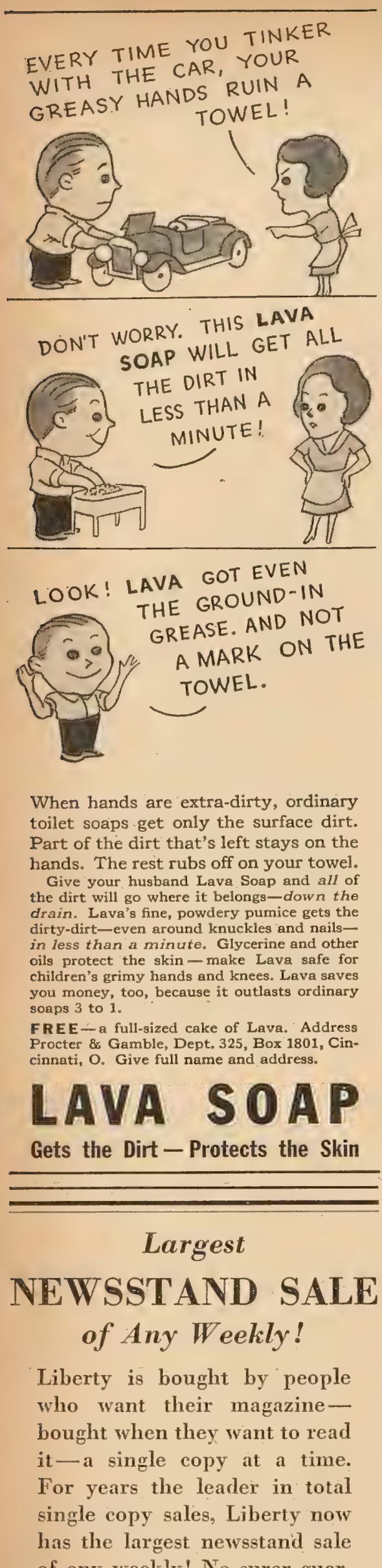
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sponsible for many dark deeds. After the revolution, disorganized, hopeless Russia went more than ever to these charlatans, in the wild hope that through them it would learn something of what the future had in store for it.

The story that follows was told to me at the time in letters from relatives abroad, as having been widely circulated and believed.

In Moscow there was one old woman whose reputation as a witch surpassed that of her rivals. People so feared her that the Cheka itself had not mustered the courage to attack her. Even Stalin, the man of steel, when asked to give orders for her arrest, had refused, merely shrugging his shoulders.

One winter night while a snowstorm was raging there was a knock at the door of the small house where Akoulina Ivanovna was living in one of Moscow's suburbs. The old woman went to open it, and two men wrapped up in heavy furs almost forced their way in. Unperturbed, she led them to the kitchen where she had been about to sit down to her evening meal.

"Make yourselves comfortable," she said, and proceeded to fill her glass with tea and drink it.

There was silence for a while. Then one man spoke.

"We want your help, *matouchka*."

"It is a wicked thing you want to do," said the old woman; "so much I can read on your faces. But it can be done, provided you are willing to pay the price."

"What is the price?"

"First say what this is you want done."

The man spoke a few words in her ear—words which seemed to frighten him as he uttered them, but to which the woman listened with a grin.

"It is curious," she said at last, "but you are the second person who has asked me for that today."

THE man recoiled, then turned to his companion. "She seems to know too much," he said anxiously.

"She's all right," was the reply. "Take what she has to give us and pay her and let's go."

As if in response Akoulina Ivanovna took out of one of her pockets a small phial containing a white liquid, and handed it to them.

"It is one thousand rubles I want," she said.

The man who had whispered to her took out his pocketbook and counted out ten hundred-ruble bank notes. Then both men disappeared into the night. Akoulina Ivanovna was laughing to herself.

"A good day, a good day," she mumbled. "A thousand rubles from the Whites, and a thousand from the Reds. Stupid of them to think I would not recognize them—but for whom did they want my 'help'?"

. . . . .

The storm was at an end and the sun was shining once more upon the Kremlin. The air was wonderfully pure and clear; even Stalin, the man of steel, seemed to feel its invigoration as he came out of his office that morning.

Behind him stood his wife, tall and beautiful in her furs. He was about to tell her something when his eye fell upon a solitary worker crossing the courtyard.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I have been sent to repair the telephone in the office of Comrade Stalin."

"What do you say? There is nothing wrong with the telephone in my office." He motioned to a near-by group of soldiers. "Take this man and have him shot at once. He is the third one who has tried on an untrue pretext to enter the Kremlin this morning. There is something behind it."

Nadya Alliluieva seized her husband's arm.

"Zozo," she pleaded, "you surely are not going to—"

He brutally thrust her aside.

"Be still!" he cried. "I know what I am doing. How do you know his intention wasn't to murder you or me?"

"But, Zozo—"

"Be still, I tell you."

WITH rapid strides he turned back and reëntered the Kremlin. The soldiers were dragging away the stranger, Nadya looking on with tears glistening in her eyes.

Nadya Alliluieva had never lost her faith in the religion she had been taught in her childhood. In her room in the Kremlin there was an icon of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir, before which a lamp was always burning, and there she used, unknown to her stern husband, to pray on her knees in the difficult moments of her life. Now in the agony of soul she prostrated herself before the holy image. Of what use had been all her sacrifices, of what use was her love for the man who had filled all her existence, if he would renounce for her sake none of his decisions? What was the use of fighting under such conditions? What was the use of living and suffering?

And then—and then . . .

But we do not know what happened then.

It all ended, however. There came a fateful day when sinister rumors filtered through the walls of the Kremlin.

Nadya Alliluieva was dying—Nadya Alliluieva was dead—before anyone had known or guessed that she was sick.

Three days later, in a Moscow still and hushed, a funeral procession passed out through the Kremlin gates, the hearse bearing a coffin under a scarlet flag, and behind it a man walking with bared and bowed head, and with agony in his dark Oriental eyes. Together they disappeared in the winter mist, the fading picture of something which had once been great.

THE END

HAPPY DAYS

CANINE GUIDES FOR THE BLIND—ANIMAL PETS FOR CHILDREN—A RECIPE FOR MAYONNAISE—DISCIPLINE AS AN AID IN CHARACTER BUILDING

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 5 minutes 6 seconds.)

I MET a very interesting personality recently, named Adria, originally born in Switzerland. She is only about two and a half feet high—and I might as well tell you that she is one of those remarkable shepherd dogs who are trained to guide the blind. These almost superhuman creatures actually will lead a person through all types of traffic, stopping for red lights, and keeping alert every second lest some danger threaten their masters. Colonel Morris Frank, himself blind, heard about Fortunate Fields, above Vevey, Switzerland, where these dogs were being trained for blind soldiers, and he made a trip abroad to investigate and returned home with Buddy. Then he started The Seeing Eye in Morristown, New Jersey, and imported the first shepherd dogs to be trained to do this valuable work.

It is estimated that there are approximately 11,000 blind men, women, and children in our country who could find brighter lives with these faithful guides. By the way, all the dogs trained are females; I suppose it is the maternal instinct which motivates them. Walking down steps Adria insisted on preceding me, watching every move I made and gently guiding me down every step. She slept in the same room with another friend, and every time this friend moved in the night, Adria put out her paw to touch her and see if everything was all right! And don't make the mistake of calling them police dogs—they're shepherd dogs!

MY acquaintance with Adria brings to my mind the subject of children's pets. Two days ago I was sitting with my two children watching a tennis match. A very friendly Airedale came bounding across the lawn directly to the children and proceeded to wash their faces most thoroughly, wriggling his tail in unison. The children were delighted and almost immediately the inevitable question came from Sistie: "Mummy, when can I have a dog and a pony and a kitten?" I answered in the usual trite way: "When you're old enough to look after them yourself."

I think that we all like to feel that our children are going to have the same joys which we had in our own childhood, and one of the most exciting moments of my childhood was when I won a six-weeks-old shepherd dog for fifty cents at a Red Cross raffle. Of course I was twelve years old and therefore could take care of the dog entirely by myself. It gave me a definite sense of responsibility, and developed in me a protective feeling as I watched Chief with an eagle eye to see that my brothers did not maul him to death, and to be sure that he had enough to eat. Unconsciously, while training Chief to do the ordinary parlor tricks such as shaking hands, sneezing, and "speaking," I learned to be patient and calm, because I found out that a dog's education is mainly a matter of repetition. Undoubtedly Chief educated me more than I did him.

I think I have mentioned before that I love horseback riding. This means I love the horse as much as the riding. This is due to the fact, I think, that for many years as a child I had to look after my own pony during the summer months. Half the joy in sports in which animals participate comes from the companionship one feels for the animals as personalities, and the other half from the excitement of the sport itself.

Therefore I most certainly do want my children to know and appreciate the joy of animal friends.

SALADS are one of my own favorite dishes, and I often have them for lunch at the White House. I particularly like the mayonnaise Mrs. Nesbitt provides. She gave me the following recipe, which I'm passing on to you:

BASIC SALAD DRESSING

2 egg yolks	1 cup olive oil or salad oil
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon	Seasoning (salt, mustard, white pepper, paprika)

Proceed as usual in preparing mayonnaise. Then assemble 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon dry mustard.

Mix thoroughly all of the dry ingredients. Gradually add one half cup of the water, being careful to smooth out all lumps. When smooth add the second half cup of water, which should be boiling, and boil until thick and flour is cooked. While still hot add to the above mayonnaise, beating it in with a Dover egg beater until smooth. This salad dressing will keep in an ice box for weeks and can be seasoned for fruit by adding whipped cream.

A FRIEND has presented me with some snapshots taken when I was a lanky girl of about twelve. I look as if I were just waiting to tell each and every one of my brothers what I think of them! And, what's worse, some of these snapshots have found their way into the newspapers. At least I can console myself by saying that none of us children liked to have our pictures taken, and that the minute the photographing was finished we all resumed our natural angelic expressions!

A RECENT paragraph I wrote concerning the difficulty I had in persuading my children to go to bed at the usual hour drew the following comment from a friend of mine: "Are you one of these modern mothers who doesn't believe in discipline and does believe in letting children bring themselves up?" To begin with, that isn't my conception of a modern mother at all! It is much more my picture of a lazy parent.

There are certain fundamental rules of behavior which are entirely essential for the character and physical well-being of every child. Discipline is a means to an end, not an end in itself, and punishing for the sake of punishing is seldom effective. We all know that throughout life a certain amount of self-discipline is absolutely necessary, and so by teaching a child obedience and sensible habits in his own little world we undoubtedly give him the proper background for successful living when he's grown.

When Inflation

A Famous Economist Explains a Reassuring Paradox

(Reading time: 15 min. 25 sec.)

By IRVING FISHER

Professor of Economics, Yale University

Charts from the author's book, Inflation? (Adelphi Co.)

American wholesale price history at a glance.

FOR over a year much has been heard of "inflation." To some it has been a bogy; to others, a hope. At first the very word frightened people. Visions of the German inflation in 1923 were conjured up by some of the bankers. When the Goldsborough bill passed the House of Representatives last year, these bankers very nearly threw a fit.

But all that the bill aimed at was that the Federal Reserve banks and the Secretary of the Treasury should raise prices on the average up to their level before the depression—practically just what President Roosevelt is now trying to do—and to hold the level steady.

So we see that what a year ago was a bogy man now seems to be our anchor of hope!

Well, then, is inflation good or bad? It is both, according to circumstances! I have for years been shouting from the housetops how bad inflation is. Yet now I am an enthusiastic booster for a certain amount of inflation—which I call reflation—as an antidote for the bitter dose of deflation which we have had to swallow.

And this is not because I have changed my mind. I am as much opposed to inflation in general as I ever was.

This is all very confusing to people who have never before thought about money in relation to the price level.

What is inflation anyhow? Inflation of money is any increase in the circulation of money. It always *tends* to raise prices because it means more buying. When, in consequence, prices do rise, this rise is called inflation of prices. As inflation of money causes inflation of prices, and as the two go together, we can use the word "inflation" for either or both.

In the same way, deflation means lessened money circulation and lowered prices.

When prices in general rise we may say that the dollar falls, because its purchasing power is lessened. For instance, from the beginning of the World War up to 1920 the general level of prices in this country more than doubled, which means that the purchasing power or value of the dollar was cut in half. That was a great inflation.

We have just had an opposite example. Since the halcyon days of 1929 up to the end of the Hoover administration, the price level of commodities was nearly cut in two, which means that the dollar's value was nearly doubled.

So inflation means more money circulated, a higher price level—that is, a cheaper dollar. Deflation means less money circulated, a lower price level—a dearer dollar.

The price level is measured by an "index number." I publish an index number in the newspapers every Monday. The price level of 1926 is the "base" from which we measure and is called, for convenience, 100. When President Roosevelt came in, my index registered the lowest price level for many years. It was 55. That is, *on the average*, prices were then 55 per cent of what they had been in 1926.

As I write, my index is over 60. So we have recently had two price movements—a big deflation with prices sinking on the average from 100 to 55; and, since March 4, a little inflation with prices rising from 55 to over 60.

What we want to be sure of is whether this inflation is right or wrong and whether we need more of it.

Two months ago, if I had said that there could be a case where inflation was right, I would have been disputed by most people. But today few people, even bankers, dispute the fact that inflation, so far, has been a good thing. It has corrected a bad thing—deflation.

This deflation was the very essence of the depression. Prices had, as I have said, fallen from 100 to 55, or nearly by half, so that the dollar had nearly doubled. Farm prices had fallen *more* than by half, so that the so-called "farmer's dollar" had *more* than doubled. This does not mean that the farmer was twice as well off—quite the contrary. When I say the "farmer's dollar" I do not mean the dollar he had but the dollar he had to get. He had to sell twice as much produce to get it. If he had mortgaged his farm in 1926 for $10,000 and owed $10,000 on March 4, 1933, he really owed more than $20,000 as dollars were in 1926.

Raising the amount was often beyond his power. Therefore mortgages were being foreclosed. He resisted the sheriff. He embarked on "milk strikes."

Why did the farmer, our most conservative citizen, do these decidedly radical things? Because he knew that he was the victim of a great injustice. Something outside of himself had doubled his debt burden.

The recent inflation from 55 to 60 has corrected, in part, this great injustice, and of course this was right. And of course we need more of it—enough more to take the whole swelling out of our swollen dollar—in fact, to reduce it to normal.

Naturally, we cannot get *exact* justice for everybody, because different debts were contracted at different stages. And most of them were contracted before the deflation began. Mr. Roosevelt stated the true principle when he told us that he aimed to raise the price level to where debts could, *on the average*, be paid "in the same kind of dollars" they were contracted in.

Up to that point inflation will be right. More would be wrong. Up to that point inflation can better be called reflation. It is unfair to call it inflation.

When is inflation not inflation? The answer is: When it is reflation! Reflation is that degree of inflation which is justified because it corrects, so far as possible, recent rapid and great deflation.

In fact, the word "reflation" can be applied to the opposite case. After rapid inflation, reflation is the proper dose of deflation. In either case, reflation is a

is Not *Inflation*

U. & U. News photo

Professor Irving Fisher.

return on our tracks when we have departed from the right road in no matter which direction.

Inflation and deflation are, in general, wrong. Neither is justified except to correct the other. We want to *stabilize* the price level—in other words, "stabilize the dollar." The program of President Roosevelt should be, and I believe will be, to reflate to about the 1926 level and then to stay at that level.

It is not too early to sound a warning that if we overshoot the mark we shall suffer. Real inflation—that is, anything beyond the proper reflation—would be wrong and harmful.

If any reader of these words has the notion that because a moderate dose of inflation is good under present conditions an immoderate dose would be better, he should disabuse his mind of the idea at once.

The first of the two charts that appear with this article shows the ups and downs of our price level. It shows also that any great or long fall of prices has always hurt business and employment and done injustice to debtors. In other words, falling prices spell depression. Business cannot make a profit if the prices received by business fall while interest, rent, taxes, and several other expenses paid by business do not fall, or do not fall as fast. On the other hand, rising prices spell "boom," hurt the creditor, and cause complaints over the high cost of living.

In this chart there was a period of eight years (1921 to 1929) when the commodity price level was kept nearly constant, although prices of stocks rose unduly. This was a period of great prosperity, although it turned into a bad boom at the end.

PEOPLE speculated, and did it on borrowed money. When they woke up and tried to pay their debts, they were forced to sell stocks and other property. This caused credit deflation and falling prices, or a swelling dollar. And the worst of it was that the dollar proceeded to swell *faster* than the debts shrank. So, although fewer dollars were owed at the end of the Hoover administration in 1933 than before the stock-market crash in 1929, nevertheless if we *measure* these dollars (and not merely *count* them) we shall find that the total indebtedness *was not reduced at all.* On the contrary, it was increased. Take again the farmer who owed $10,000 in 1929. If he had paid off $2,000 up to 1933, leaving $8,000 still unpaid, he found this $8,000 really a bigger burden than the $10,000 with which he started. In fact, his burden had become over $15,000 if measured by the dollar as it was in 1929. So we had the paradox that the more the debtors paid the more they owed. The very effort to liquidate debts increased them! That, as I see it, explains the mystery of the depression.

JUST as a stampede to get out of a burning theater may jam the crowd in all the tighter, so the stampede to get out of debt has put us in debt all the worse. And if Roosevelt had not decided to reflate we would have sunk deeper and deeper. City mortgages would have been defaulted next. Then the savings banks and life-insurance companies that held those mortgages would have gone bankrupt in droves. Railways, cities like Chicago and New York, and even state governments—and Uncle Sam himself—would soon have become insolvent.

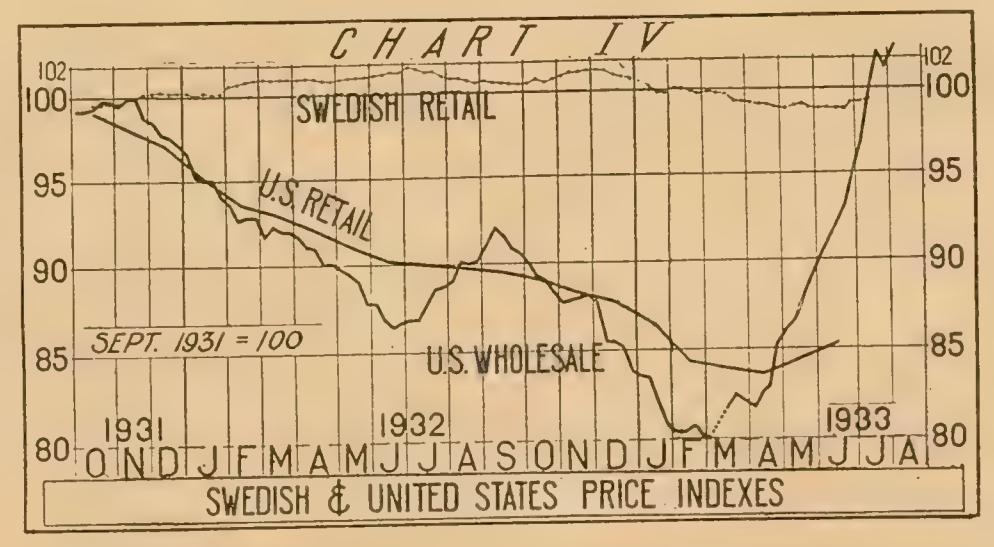
Only a few knew how close to the precipice we were. It is not true that we would have recovered "naturally," and that we were at the bottom in March anyway and would have gone no lower even if nothing had been done about it. On the contrary, since it was too much debt that started us rolling downhill, and since the debt grew bigger, not smaller, the rolling merely gathered force.

We may thank our lucky stars that we had men of vision in Washington; otherwise the people would surely have perished.

But if it is true that even with a bigger burden of debt the downswing was reversed by deliberate reflation, why could this not have been done before?

Unhesitatingly I reply: It could have been done before, and should have been. But the efforts to do it a year ago were thwarted. I could name the three men (Hoover was *not* one of them) who were the chief obstacles. But I am writing impersonally, and they knew not what they did.

The correction could have been started still earlier. In fact, most of this depression could have been avoided. Even granted all the speculation which went before it, and the boom and the overgrown debts and the ultra-high prices of stocks, nevertheless if *the commodity price level* had been kept from falling, it would have been a tame affair and would have lasted only a few weeks.



Sweden's stable price level—and America's unstable ones.

Some readers are probably incredulous of this. Perhaps they think the price of every commodity is entirely fixed by the supply and demand of that commodity. If that were true, then President Roosevelt could never raise the price level by any of the tools which Congress has put in

his tool bag—such tools as buying bonds by Federal Reserve banks, issuing greenbacks by the United States Treasury, reducing the gold content of the dollar, opening the mints to silver. But it is not true. The price of wheat is not fixed by the demand and supply of wheat *alone*. It is *partly* fixed by the demand and supply of money. Money is, for most people, overlooked entirely as a price determiner. That is where people make a big mistake. That is where the three chief obstructors of reflation last year made their terrible mistake.

The trouble is, we forget money just because we think in terms of money. If the price of wheat were expressed in terms of anything else than money, we would not make such a mistake. Suppose that the price of wheat were expressed in terms of copper or of silver bullion. Suppose, for instance, that a bushel of wheat were worth three ounces of silver. It would be silly to say that a rise in this price of wheat in terms of silver must be entirely due to an increased demand for wheat or to a decreased supply of wheat. It might just as well be due to an increased supply of silver or to a decreased demand for it.

This is evident. It ought to be just as evident when the price of wheat is expressed in gold. A gold dollar is almost exactly one twentieth of an ounce of gold; and when the price of wheat is a dollar a bushel, it is the result not only of the supply and demand of wheat, but also of the supply and demand of gold dollars—and of the substitutes for them, namely paper dollars and the dollars we have, or think we have, in banks and pay out by check.

And the effects of these two supply-and-demand influences can be sharply distinguished. The supply and demand of *dollars* fix the *general, or average, price level,* and the supply and demand of *wheat* fix the extent to which the price of wheat is *out of line with the general, or average, price level.* When the general price level rises 10 per cent and wheat rises 13 per cent, only the extra 3 per cent is due to the supply and demand of wheat. The 10 per cent is not due to wheat at all, but to money.

Most people still imagine that all of the fall in the price of wheat since 1926 is due to a superabundance of wheat. This is not true. Most of the fall was due to the scarcity in the supply of dollars circulating. This cause explains the fall from 100 to 55—the fall of *the general level of prices, wheat included.*

WHEN gold is superabundant, why doesn't its price fall? And when there is a world scramble for gold, why doesn't its price rise? The price of gold has been $20 an ounce ever since we were on the gold standard. Of course! The dollar *is* a twentieth of an ounce of gold. The supply and demand of gold *couldn't change the price of gold* as long as we were on the gold standard. When gold dollars or other dollars are superabundant, the price of gold is not reduced, but the prices of everything else rise; and when there is a scramble for gold and a scarcity of dollars in general circulation, gold doesn't go up in price, but everything else goes down. In short, the rise and fall of the *general* level of prices is explained *not,* as commonly thought, by the supply and demand of individual commodities but by the supply and demand of money—by inflation and deflation.

The distinction between the general level of prices and a particular price relatively to that level is like the distinction between the general level of Lake Michigan and the height of one individual wave relatively to that level. Only those who miss this distinction think the price level cannot be raised or lowered at will. It is really easier to raise the price level of all commodities than to raise one out of line with the rest.

Congress could raise the level of prices overnight a hundredfold simply by decreeing that a cent should be a dollar; and President Roosevelt can double the price level by cutting down the gold in the dollar by one half. Either of these procedures, of course, would be wrong—they would be going too far. But the point is, the price level can be anything we choose to make it.

When we do raise the price level and then fix it permanently, we have simply fixed the value of the dollar, just as we have long ago fixed every other unit of measure, such as the yardstick and the kilowatt.

Hitherto we have stupidly made the mistake of fixing the *weight* of our dollar. Only occasionally have we consciously influenced the *value* of the dollar; namely, after the Civil War and after the World War, when we consciously deflated our currency and thereby restored to each dollar some of the value which it had just lost. And again, beginning with 1922, under the leadership of Governor Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York (and until his death), the Federal Reserve banks maintained a nearly constant value for the dollar. Governor Strong died in 1928, and his death was apparently hastened by the realization that his stabilization policies were not being followed after his retirement. Had he lived and continued in office we would not, in all probability, have had this terrible depression.

BUT the best example of controlling the price level (which means, as we have seen, controlling the value of money) is found in Sweden. Since Sweden went off the gold standard, in September, 1931, she has consciously and avowedly maintained a constant level of prices—constant within 2 per cent, as the second chart shows. [In the case of this chart, it is the September, 1931, price level that is taken as the base, equal to 100.] The reader will notice in the chart the contrast between the horizontal line of Sweden and the down-plunge of our own price level!

Sweden can control her price level and is doing it. We can control our price level and must do it—if we want to avoid such depressions as this.

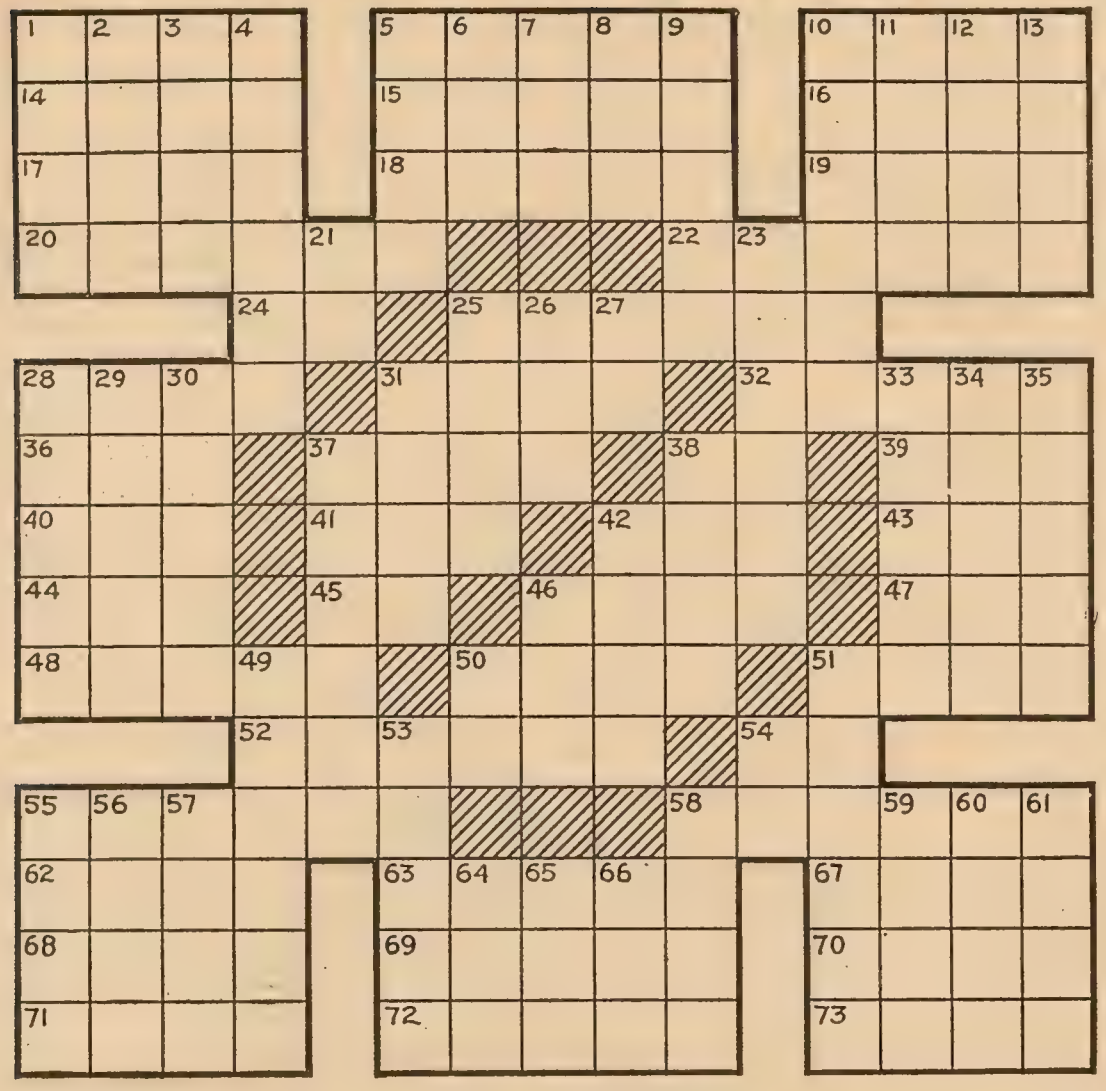
Some of my readers may be incredulous. It does seem incredible that our bankers and government could have been such " economic illiterates " as to neglect to fix our unit of value when it can so easily be done! They have, with few exceptions, thought it could *not* be done, because " supply and demand " would not permit—forgetting that we can always control the supply of money. They have, with few exceptions, confused price and price level. Some of us who knew better made the mistake in 1929 of assuming that they also knew better and that Governor Strong's enlightened policy would be continued after his death in 1928. We looked in vain for what now at last is being done. Had it been done then, our expectations of a short and slight depression would have been realized. It would have been far easier in 1929 to have prevented this depression than it is now to cure it. The fact that the opportunity was then missed is a terrible indictment of the ignorance and indifference of some people.

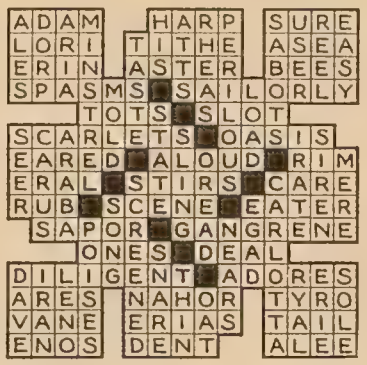
I hope I can dispel another false notion—that inflation must be wrong because it is artificial. Inflation and deflation are always going on, whether by design or not, just as the level of Lake Michigan is always changing. There is nothing wrong in opening and closing the valves by which we can prevent the money lake from either overwhelming us or subsiding toward the vanishing point. On the contrary, it is right to prevent this, because only thus can we stabilize the chief yardstick of commerce—the dollar. An honest dollar is a matter which concerns every man, woman, and child. An honest dollar must be stable in value. Our gold dollar is not such a dollar. Technically, the repeal of the " gold clause " is repudiation of debt—but of debt in dishonest dollars. If and when the general public wake up to the importance of stabilization, they will hold the proper functionaries responsible for furnishing us with a yardstick which will be just and fair as between debtors and creditors, and will safeguard business and employment against undue fluctuations. Any administration which allows the price level again to get out of hand, either up or down, should be held guilty of criminal negligence! The public will demand all this as soon as it has shaken itself free from the illusion that a dollar is always a dollar. It required a loss of value of the German mark of 98 per cent to make the Germans realize that a mark was not always a mark. It required a swelling of our dollar of 80 per cent to awaken America to the fact that the dollar had really changed.

At least *some* Americans are awake now!

THE END

CROSS WORDS





Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Son of Isaac
5 The compass of a voice or instrument
10 A small distance or space
14 Avoid
15 Come into being or notice
16 Gaze intently
17 To tinge
18 Fens
19 Female character in Lohengrin
20 Lure
22 Ministers to
24 Assyro-Babylonian deity
25 Stripped off the surface of
28 Style of penmanship
31 Litter for bearing a corpse
32 Off the main track
36 Period of time
37 Immature equine
38 Form of to be
39 A tree of the genus *Tilia*
40 Craw
41 Sandpiper
42 Pronoun
43 A signal stage of history
44 Corroded
45 Adjective suffix
46 Apprehension
47 Asiatic monetary unit
48 Resolution
50 Flying mammals
51 Opening for a sleeve in a garment
52 Loafers
54 Pronoun
55 Scanty
58 Streams
62 Suspend
63 Excellence
67 City in Kansas
68 A Negrito of Luzon
69 The goddess of peace
70 Kind of Russian hemp
71 Part of the foot
72 Go stealthily
73 Annoys by petty fault-finding

VERTICAL

1 A town in Italy
2 Part of the leg
3 Kinswoman
4 Loosened
5 Quarry
6 An area ten meters square
7 Russian community
8 Utility
9 Easily irritated
10 Moves with celerity
11 A measure of weight in India
12 Formerly (archaic or poetic)
13 Edible seeds
21 The symbol for an element
23 Tool for enlarging a hole
25 Row of soldiers one behind another
26 Term used in the game of tennis
27 Metric measure of area
28 The chief minister of Ahasuerus
29 A size of type
30 Fresher
31 An inhabitant of a district in South Africa
33 Of the ileum
34 Filthy
35 Growing out
37 Confession of religious faith (plural)
38 Sunk fence (plural)
42 Puts in place
46 Distant
49 Made of twigs
50 Exist
51 River in England
53 A town in Quebec
54 Syllable sounded in solmization
55 A ruler
56 Part of the head
57 Stake in poker
58 A dance of the Scotch Highlanders
59 Silkworm
60 Peal
61 Comprehends
64 Craft
65 General in the War of the Rebellion
66 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BICYCLING
AGAIN THE RAGE
WITH
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

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Colleens, CRIME, and a Colossus

Janet Gaynor in a Real Picture of Ireland; a Death-House Mystery, a Wall Street Buccaneer, and a Western in the New Films

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 7 minutes 7 seconds.)

THE mistake in typing various nationalities is that we pick on the lower social orders for our symbols.

According to stage and screen the standardized Chinaman is a coolie "Chink" wearing his shirt tail outside and running with little mincing steps. (You should meet the Chinese ambassador!) Mexicans are swart, swaggering peons in split panties and ten-gallon hats. (The cultured Mexican is as untheatrical and gracious as a Roosevelt brain-truster.) An Englishman is either a cockney or a dumb witless haw! haw! sap wearing a monocle. (An "upper-class" Englishman is witty, well mannered, and modest in his dress.) The stage Irishman lives in a sod house or a shanty, drinks, swaggers, fights, and talks with a brogue that would trip a goat. (But what about the high-class Irish gentleman who rides to hounds and lives handsomely? You'll meet him in Paddy, the Next Best Thing.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in the delightful film of Irish life—Paddy, the Next Best Thing.

A well acted crime picture, Devil's Mate, presents Hobart Cavanaugh, Peggy Shannon, and Ray Walker.

★★★ PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Margaret Lindsay, Walter Connolly, Harvey Stephens, Mary McCormic, Joseph M. Kerrigan, Fiske O'Hara, Claire McDowell, Merle Tottenham, Roger Imhof, Trevor Bland. Directed by Harry Lachman.

Major Adair (Walter Connolly) is a lovable witty Irish gentleman living on his ancestral estates, but so jaunty regarding his financial obligations that his creditors simply can't dislike him. The time comes, however, when they must demand payment. The major's ace in the hole is his eldest daughter, Eileen (Margaret Lindsay). She's in love with Jack Breen (Harvey Stephens), but for the sake of her father, whom she adores, she'll marry Lawrence Blake (Warner Baxter), a tea planter from Ceylon.

The major had wished his second child to be a son. But it was a girl, Paddy, "the next best thing" (Janet Gaynor). Paddy is a lovable little liar with a fine sense of honor, and she straightway starts in to break up her sister's engagement, and succeeds when she tells Lawrence the truth—that Eileen is marrying him for his money.

Major Adair is killed by a horse. The estate is put up for auction and Paddy goes to the city to work for her uncle. Lawrence seeks her out, realizing it was she he had loved all the time. Angry because Lawrence had broken up Eileen's match with Jack Breen, Paddy refuses

Elizabeth Young, Richard Bennett, and Ricardo Cortez in Big Executive, a Wall Street-wolf picture.

to see him. Uncle and Lawrence then frame Paddy. They arrange for Eileen and Jack to marry, while Lawrence secretly buys back the estate. Paddy returns to attend a party, and learns that the old home will be hers again if she'll marry Lawrence. She finally weakens. Clinch.

Janet Gaynor, usually just sweetness and smiles, is maturing. In this picture she has to act, and does so charmingly. She divides honors, however, with Walter Connolly, who as Major Adair gives one of the most delightful performances of the year. The others of the cast are good and the direction excellent. Here is a happy antidote to the " shanty Irish " idiom.

★★ DEVIL'S MATE

THE PLAYERS: Peggy Shannon, Preston Foster, Ray Walker, Hobart Cavanaugh, Barbara Barondess, Paul Porcasi, Harold Waldridge, Jason Robards, Bryant Washburn, Harry Holman, George Hayes, James Durkin, Gordon De Maine, Paul Fix. Directed by Phil Rosen.

Occasionally one of the so-called Little Independents makes a Big Studio picture—except for big expenditure. This is one of them. Good crime story; excellent cast; well directed.

A boy is about to be electrocuted. Preston Foster, Ass't D. A., and a group of reporters are present, among them Peggy Shannon. The boy is about to make a final statement involving a higher-up when he is killed by a poison dart. There follows the usual plot and counterplot in which the police and reporters match wits to see who can solve the crime, the real rivalry lying between the Ass't D. A. and the girl reporter. Naturally (this for women readers) the girl is the brighter.

Curiously enough, however, the dumb and very amusing office boy, Harold Waldridge, hits upon the business that leads to the discovery of the criminal. As Foster, who by the way is one of the best actors on the screen, and Peggy Shannon fight all the way through, they qualify for marriage and presumed happiness.

★★ BIG EXECUTIVE

THE PLAYERS: Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, Sharon Lynne, Dorothy Peterson, Barton MacLane, Charles Middleton, Pop Kenton, Maude Eburne, Albert Hart, Jean Beaks, Frank Darien, Wilson Benge, Tenen Holtz, John M. Sullivan, Irving Bacon, Mildred Hardy. Directed by Erle C. Kenton.

There are fashions in heroes. At the present moment the young efficient Wolves of Wall Street are not so romantically hot. Nor since recent investigations do the big Sacred Cows of Finance seem quite so Napoleonic. That's why it is hard to become excited over the dog-eat-dog conflict between Ricardo Cortez and Richard Bennett in this story. One is inclined to hope that they both strangle on ticker tape.

Bennett is a Big Executive, a ninety-two-year-old colossus who steps on young upstarts as though they were worms. Cortez is a successful worm, married to a jealous henpecker, but in love with Bennett's great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Young.

On a hunting expedition Ricardo thinks his wife a moose and shoots her by mistake. Good riddance but a dark cloud of murder suspicion. Matrimonially free, he now woos Elizabeth, and in order to break up the match Bennett stages a stock panic. The usual excitement. Ricardo loses his shirt. But he saves his mother's ring, which he pawns.

It's all pretty sad until—you've guessed it—Elizabeth meets him outside the pawnshop caring nothing about her sweetheart's shirtlessness. Besides, she will shortly come into enough money to buy a billion shirts.

Richard Bennett does one of his fine old-man characterizations. Cortez struggles hard with a dated rôle. Elizabeth Young, string-beany and almost plain, looks and acts the aristocrat.

★ THE LAST TRAIL

THE PLAYERS: George O'Brien, Claire Trevor, El Brendel, Matt McHugh, J. Carrol Naish, George Reed, Lucille La Verne, Ruth Warren, Luis Alberni, Edward La Saint. Directed by James Tinling.

George O'Brien has got it all over other cowboy actors, because George is the son of Dan O'Brien, former chief of police of San Francisco, who taught his big husky boy all the tricks of the meanies who are forever picking on George in the picture. In this one, for instance, a gang of ruffians from the East try to get a-holt of a rich Arizona ranch by faking up a long-lost nephew of the owner to whom it had been willed.

George muscles in on the game, posing as the nephew, and the joke on the meanies is that he *is* the nephew. It all ends in a terrible fight in which George exhibits his supermanhood.

There's one girl in the gang, Claire Trevor, but it

The Last Trail has real Western thrills, furnished principally by Claire Trevor and George O'Brien.

turns out that she is not a meaniette, but a secret service gal. So it's oke for Claire and George to go into a clinch against the setting sun. Or perhaps the sun didn't set in this particular Western. I was too excited to remember.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress.

★★★—Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER

Laugh TOWN Laugh

The Six Million Call on the Mayor—A $17,000 Limousine—Off for Europe

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

HOWEVER admirable and effectual his sponsorship of Governor Al Smith's measures may have been, the parts of Jimmy's record in the state Senate that are remembered, Mr. Collins remarked in last week's installment, are his own fights for movies, boxing, baseball, and beer—the things he liked, the interests of his friends. His biographer proceeded to picture him in action during debate, jaunty and engagingly theatrical, prowling up and down the aisle, discomfiting Republican hecklers with his ever-ready wise cracks.

The result of it all was that he became worth considering as a candidate for Mayor of New York; he would be just the man to take away his party's nomination from the toplofty and tiresome but well entrenched and apparently perpetual Mayor Hylan. He did it with ease, and was elected hands down, the local Republican organization making, as usual, but a show of opposition.

Then the "playboy" mayor elect took a trip through the South, speaking up for Tammany and—or so conjecture had it—getting in a little advance promotion of Al Smith's prospective candidacy for President.

Part Five—The Municipal Minstrel Show

NO matter how much the biographer of James J. Walker may wish to present the man himself without invoking the obvious assistance of the coloring adjective and the descriptive phrase, he will find the task well nigh impossible, and, perhaps, not worth while. For some men live not by what they do, nor even by what they are, but by what they seem; and of such men it cannot truthfully be said that actions speak louder than words.

The new mayor was such a person. His actions were nothing as compared with his words; and they always have been nothing, so far as indicating the kind of man he is, as compared with the words he has inspired in others. For example, there is a fairly accurate picture of the real Jimmy of 1926 in these half hundred or more adjectives, chosen for the frequency of their appearance in the newspaper accounts of his character and conduct:

Jimmy was little, glib, dapper, care-free, witty, gay—these lead all the rest; then, without regard to the order of frequency, he was also jaunty, sleek, debonair, swagger, trig, slim, neat, irrepressible, bubbling, wise-cracking, and alert; smart, agile, slick, vivacious, assured, brilliant, adroit, light-hearted, scintillant, astonishing, insouciant, and nice; he was casual, fascinating, genial, likable, friendly, flashy, cynical, theatrical, spiffy, and wise.

He was nimble, sentimental, pliant, adaptable, disillusioned, buoyant, engaging, reckless, and spry; silly, dressy, diminutive, dandified, imperturbable, and fresh; youthful, charming, amusing, immaculate, well dressed, able, handsome, generous, peripatetic, and quick; win-

International photo

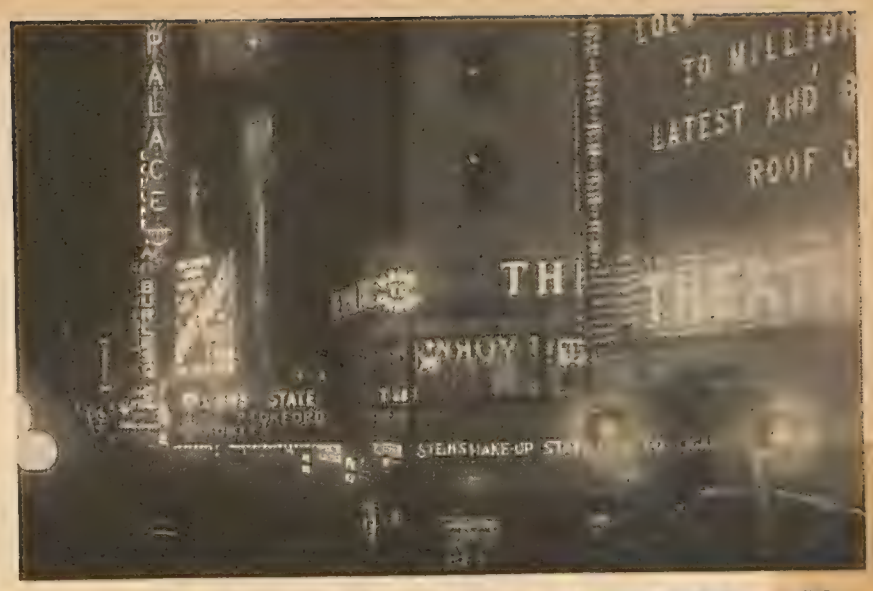
Mayor Jimmy with Grover Whalen, his welcomer of celebrities, and (right) Charles S. Hand, his secretary.

Wide World photo

Jimmy's assistant Charles F. Kerrigan, Jimmy in person, and Police Commissioner Edward Mulrooney.

Below, the New York City Hall, begun in 1803. "It is that rare thing, a municipal monument to art."

U. & U. News photo



By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ning, versatile, humorous, cool, spendthrift, jolly, chipper, darling, and late.

By his adjectives ye shall know him!

Back in New York, refreshed and stimulated by his trip, he found himself confronted with the usual band of hungry office seekers. In self-defense the mayor elect formed the habit of retiring each afternoon for what was announced as a nap. When cornered by the reporters with inquiries as to whether he had really been taking a siesta, Jimmy grinned.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I give an hour each day to indoor practice."

"Practice for what?"

"Learning to say 'No,'" laughed Jimmy. "I stand in front of a mirror, look at myself with a nasty expression, and say 'No' in all the languages I can think of."

A GOOD deal of friendly fun was poked at him because of the gradual manner in which he was inducted into office. Technically his term began on the stroke of midnight, New Year's Eve; but New Year's in 1926 got itself all tied up with the week-end in such a manner that it was decided that he should take a preliminary oath of office three days earlier, to avoid the possibility of an hiatus in the mayoralty. The idea of Jimmy's being three days early for anything was in itself amusing; but he did the best he could to neutralize the effect. He was an hour and a half late for the performance.

He had, he said, been attending a funeral!

Still later the new mayor appeared at the City Hall for the public ceremonies of inauguration. The crowd, which filled the park, fairly mobbed his automobile.

"Let me in," he grinned. "I want to go to work."

The cheering crowd opened for him to pass.

"Hey, Jimmy!"

"Attaboy, Jimmy!"

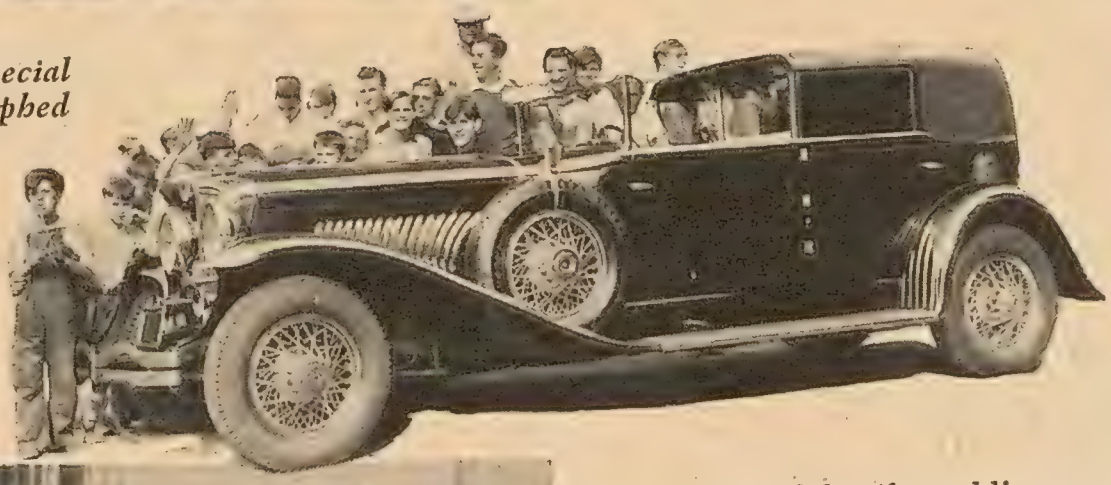
The mayor acknowledged every greeting, shook hands endlessly, grinned continuously. Finally he held up his own hand in signal that the show was over.

"I understand," he said, "that there's some serious swearing to be done now, but that will take place in the mayor's office."

The crowd laughed. And that laugh handed Jimmy the keys of the city. He was, as someone later remarked,

That $17,000 special limousine, photographed after Jimmy quit his office.

Acme photo



Below, a Board of Estimate meeting. The arrow points to Mayor Jimmy.

International photo

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The opening night of George White's Scandals grossed $28,000—$28,000 in a single evening to watch a hundred all-but-naked women and Willie Howard! Peggy Joyce reached the glittering apex of her career. Arnold Rothstein became a sort of king. Raquel Meller, at grand-opera prices, made the Broadway grade. Marion Talley, with grand-opera pretensions, made $300,000. Daddy Browning picked his Peaches.

"Gentlemen preferred blondes." The other kind danced the black bottom. Ruth Pratt became an alderman. The Countess of Cathcart went to Ellis Island.

In the excitement Jimmy got off to a very good start. The contrast between him and his predecessor, which had been so refreshing on the stump, was even more stimulating in the City Hall.

"Although no mighty thinker," admitted Critic Heywood Broun, "he is palpably more agile in his mental processes than his ill-tempered predecessor."

And he was vastly more entertaining. Anything might happen at City Hall at any moment. A good deal of this official activity was on the surface. "This job," the mayor himself said at the time, "is fifty per cent shop window." But a good deal of it was work—as the mayor soon found out. It wasn't many months before he was calling it a headache.

IT is a big town, New York, no matter how you look at it. And not all of its needs are physical. For its spiritual ones the city demands a confessional; for its social needs, a complaint department—and, for lack of a better place to look, it seeks for both at City Hall. The mayor's office becomes a sort of city-wide Lost and Found.

"There are six million people surrounding this City Hall," is the way Jimmy himself sized it up, "and if you don't happen to be within walking distance, you can get here on a five-cent ride."

The new mayor's visitors ranged all the way from pot-bellied solemnities to newsboys who were sore because Commissioner Gallatin ruled them out of City Hall Park. To the solemnities Jimmy said: "There is no man in any given activity, no representative of any interest, that I am afraid of and that I do not welcome an opportunity to sit down with and talk over the business of the City of New York."

And to the newsboys: "Go on back into the park, and to hell with Gallatin!"

Of course, the citizen with the legitimate kick was only half the story. "Every day some deluded, half-cracked soul comes to the mayor's office with his incoherent jabbering plea to right the wrongs of this sorry old world."

Orators on both sides of every conceivable question were incessantly vocal. The professional reformer was as busy as a bootlegger.

Jimmy, with his constitutional inability to say "No"—which any amount of practicing before a mirror could not alter!—was ill fitted to stand up against this pressure. But he had surrounded himself with a capable and knowing staff; and it was the staff which gradually succeeded in systematizing, if not the mayor himself, at least his office.

Evelyn Wagner, niece of United States Senator Robert F. Wagner, Jimmy's old colleague at Albany, managed the new mayor's confidential affairs. George Collins, he of Greenwich Village days, struggled with his schedule of appointments. Charlie Hand, wise newspaper man, saw everybody the mayor couldn't see. And Charlie Kerrigan, also a former Albany correspondent and now a "best mind" in Tammany Hall, became the mayor's assistant, his official elbow-nudger, and astute adviser.

THE City Hall in which these capable officials worked, often while Jimmy slept, dates back to 1803. It is one of the few monuments to permanence in the Greater City. Incidentally, it is that rare thing, a municipal monument to art. Jimmy usually arrived at its northern, or back, entrance. But there was nothing back-doorish about Jimmy himself. "He wears spats, a soft or hard-boiled hat, carries a cane and a carnation," wrote one observer. "Not a gray hair peeps among the smooth black of the compact boyish head. He might be a manicured featherweight champion."

There wasn't anything back-doorish, either, about the style in which Jimmy arrived. The subways might remain crowded, and did. Large sections of the city might remain busless, and did. But one hundred and nineteen Tammany officeholders went about their labors in city-owned cars, most of them expensive; and one—the Hon. James J. Walker—in a $17,000 specially designed, custom-bodied imported limousine.

"This is as it should be," wrote Critic Lavine; "nothing but the best for the boys. Good work must be well compensated. It might not be a bad idea, however, to have the city's insignia painted conspicuously on every municipal car. It would permit citizens to recognize the best speakeasies by the cars parked in front of them."

On everyday occasions, such as arrivals at City Hall, the mayor would be accompanied in his limousine by Paddy Hogan, his personal attendant; on larger occasions, by hand-

some Tom O'Connor, his personal captain of police, known journalistically as the mayor's bodyguard.

"The mayor likes to approach all problems physically," was the way one student phrased it. "His typical method of attacking the park, hospital, or subway problems is to summon one of his limousines and fill another with cameramen, so that the tabloid patrons may see their hard-working mayor in action."

This statement is literally true. When Jimmy announced that he was going to address himself seriously to the solution of the subway problem, it is recorded that he traveled forty-five miles the first day—by automobile!

There were no photographic formalities attending the mayor's daily progress from the back door to the throne room, but there was plenty of stir.

"Good morning, George!"

"Hello, Charlie!"

"Well, boys, what's on? Anything important?".

"Who's this bird I've got to greet today?"

The final inquiry referred to the practice of receiving distinguished visitors on the front step of the City Hall, which from the moment of Walker's election became almost a daily custom.

Jimmy would be attending an important meeting when word would reach him that someone or something was waiting to be welcomed out front. Immediately he would turn the gavel over to Joseph V. McKee, the solemn president of the Board of Aldermen, and slip out of the room.

"Presently," wrote Joseph McGoldrick, "he is on the steps outside the City Hall. The battery of stills advance. His Honor smiles, holding up the hockey stick, sirup, or cheese, as the case may be. The stills drop back to reload. The movies rattle into place. The mayor swings the stick, tilts the can, or otherwise gestures appropriately. Then a second round of stills, then a parting shot from the movies; and, five minutes having elapsed, the mayor slips unobtrusively into his seat in the board. This is an almost daily occurrence. It may occur twice or even three times in a single day. Of course, when Queen Marie, or the cardinals, or Lindbergh, or some other splendid dignitary arrives, the city business is put completely aside for the pageantry of a Roman triumph."

NOT too Roman, however, as far as dignity went! To Lindbergh, referring to the latter's use of "we," he said: "You have given to the world a flying pronoun." And to Admiral Byrd when, after his antarctic trip, he came to the Hall for his third welcome: "Dick, this has got to stop. It's getting to be a habit!"

He was equally informal in his remarks to foreign guests, especially those who, he knew, couldn't understand a word he said. To Marshal Pétain, after struggling in vain to pin a medal on the soldier's tough army coat, he said with a smile, the friendliness of which his guest could not fail to understand: "Marshal, you have been reading the newspapers and have been misinformed. You didn't need to wear a bullet-proof coat to this reception."

To a Polish chief of staff whose chest was already so covered with military medals that there was hardly room for a peacetime one, Jimmy said: "General, if we had another war I wouldn't know where to put this." And to the President elect of Brazil who was delayed by a fog down the bay and was four hours late in reaching City Hall, Jimmy solemnly remarked: "Sir, I concede to you a championship which heretofore has been given to me."

Even when the mayor strove for dignity, the crowd wouldn't let him get away with it. He had no sooner bundled Queen Marie of Roumania into the waiting motor and popped in beside her than a standee yelled:

"Hey, Jimmy, dated her up yet?"

Jimmy shivered. The queen, ignoring the sally, tucked the robe more securely around him. The crowd cheered the gesture of intimacy.

"Oh, you queen!" someone cried. "How d'ye like our Jimmy?"

But we left "our Jimmy" arriving at City Hall, bowing to a stenographer here and a reporter there as he

ROBERT ALLEN

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picked his dapper way to his private office. In this room were only three pictures: one of Jimmy's mother, one of his father, and one of Alfred E. Smith.

What, you say, no picture of Allie? No one seemed surprised. In fact, it was now generally taken for granted that the mayor and his wife had little or nothing to do with each other except on state occasions. Everybody at the Hall knew then that Jimmy and Allie were through.

It was about the only thing they did know about Jimmy. Least of all did they know when, if at all, he would show up at City Hall.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" would be his formula when so late that he realized it. "How goes the battle?" At which everybody would indulgently smile.

In this matter of tardiness the man was incorrigible. One night he arrived nearly two hours behind time for an important gab fest at the Tammany wigwam.

"We've been waiting for you," complained one of the older sachems, "since eight o'clock."

Jimmy's eyebrows went up and his hands went out.

"And what for, pray? Surely a gathering like this needs to wait on no man. Have more faith in yourselves, boys."

Sometimes he wasn't so successful in turning away the watchful waiters' wrath. One Saturday noon, just before one o'clock, Governor Smith called to pay his respects. Jimmy's day had not yet begun. The governor waited until after two. Then he went away. The loyal reporters wrote in their papers that the mayor had been "absent at a conference." But nobody believed it—least of all Al! Some said this incident was the occasion for the first of many fatherly admonitions from Albany to "cut the nonsense and get to work!"

Jimmy's own comment was characteristic: "I expect to be judged by the yardstick, not by the time clock."

MEASURED by either standard Jimmy had worked hard. He had not only helped to open several new night clubs but he had attended twenty-one public banquets in twenty-four working days.

At each banquet—although in competition with the world's best oratorical talent—he had acquitted himself bravely. On one occasion Dr. John H. Finley, editor of encyclopedias and erstwhile university pedagogue, easily the most erudite of Manhattan after-dinner speakers, made a speech which fairly shimmered with classical allusions and phrases in foreign languages.

Jimmy, in his usual tough spot "next to closing," should have been overwhelmed, but he wasn't.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I had a speech all prepared to deliver to you, but unfortunately Dr. Finley has said exactly what I intended to say—word for word."

Several years later, when the Walker administration was suffering from what Jimmy playfully called "Seaburysickness," the two men spoke at a dinner to a returning explorer; and Dr. Finley made what was intended to be a graceful reference to the fact that so many notable explorations had been made during Mayor Walker's term of office.

"I'll say they have!" interrupted the mayor.

"I didn't intend to be subtle," replied the doctor.

"You weren't," laughed Jimmy. "You were perfectly obvious."

YES, the mayor had worked hard; and, contrary to the general belief, he had done some of his work at City Hall. Not in his office. Jimmy's legs, which fitted so neatly under a table with a cloth on it, cramped distressingly under one ornamented by a blotter. Only when criticisms of his playfulness became too persistent would he sit long at that desk—and then only to be photographed for tabloid consumption, disguised as a hard-working mayor with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched piously on his perky little nose. The room where he did work is a large cheerful one, seating about five hundred, on the second floor of the hall, referred to in previous administrations as the meeting room of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, but known to those of us who survived the Walker age as "the Municipal Theater." It is, as a matter of fact, very like a theater, with a stage for the actors and rows of benches for the audience.

It is a gay white-and-red typically Jimmy Walker room with high ceilings and flashing chandeliers.

On the stage, in semicircular symmetry, sit the Mayor of New York and the members of his cabinet: the president of the Board of Aldermen, the comptroller, and the presidents of the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Richmond, Queens, and the Bronx. These men constitute the real government of New York City.

In the auditorium sit those citizens of New York who have business to transact with their government, representatives of the various watch-and-ward societies and committees whose business it is to watch proceedings with a suspicious eye, representatives of traction and other vested interests—City Hall lobbyists they really are—who watch with equal vigilance for any impingement on the rights and privileges of their clients, a liberal sprinkling of those crack-brained cranks who bring to the board complaints which they should take only to their God; and in Walker's time there was added to these worthies a steady attendance of smart New Yorkers who had discovered that in this municipal playhouse, for two gala performances each week, the World's Greatest Showman was putting on the World's Greatest Show.

The resemblance to an old-time minstrel act was inescapable. The mayor, gay as a primrose and breezy

as an electric fan, sitting in the center of the horseshoe with a red silk curtain behind him and a microphone on the desk in front of him, was every tight-waisted inch the interlocutor. Aldermanic President McKee and Comptroller Berry were the solemn-faced end men. The borough presidents were the singing ensemble.

In these surroundings, with hecklers heckling and friends cheering, with everybody—hecklers and friends alike—leaning forward in their seats on the white hard benches lest they miss a syllable from the mayor's loud-speaker, Jimmy was at his best.

"You experience nothing like it," wrote Foster Ware, "outside the theater."

The Walker Follies, in the first years of their run, before they became the Walker Scandals, were devoted chiefly to glorifying the American wise crack.

It went this way: A great many people went to the Rodeo, and said they were going. Jimmy went too; but Jimmy said he was "going to see the bull thrown in the open." A long-winded citizen took up the time of the board for the better part of an hour. Jimmy became restless. "Listen," he said finally. "Can't we two boys play after hours?" An angry man rose from the front-row bench and demanded to know why Jimmy hadn't answered his letter. "I don't write letters," snapped the mayor, "and I don't read 'em, either!"

RETORTS like these invariably convulsed his hearers. Others moved them to cheers. For example, when a delegation took him to task for jumping the annual budget up to nearly $700,000,000, Jimmy shouted into his microphone: "I don't care what the budget amounts to in dollars and cents. If we're going to improve New York, we've got to pay for it." The resulting applause rattled through the crowded corridors of the dignified old Hall and reached the astonished ears of MacMonnies' giant statue of Civic Virtue in the park outside.

Sometimes Jimmy wasn't looking for applause. He was looking for action. On such occasions he did not hesitate to use his reputation for being able to say anything and get away with it in ways that would have been in anyone else downright insulting. The day the Equitable bus franchise went through—the day which seems in retrospect one of the saddest of his whole life—he determined to end once for all the seemingly interminable discussion of the bus situation which had so monopolized the time of the board. The result was the passage of the franchise resolution in the record time of fifty seconds.

When the dignified president of a competing company, awakening too late to what was going on, arose to protest, the mayor greeted him with:

"You're through speaking."

"But I haven't started," protested the amazed one.

The mayor banged his gavel. "You don't know it," he said, "but you have concluded your address."

Shocking manners, you say? Yes, and wretched taste. It wasn't of the mayor in this mood that the New Orleans sob sister blurbed: "Jimmy is a darling—with the manners of a Continental nobleman in the movies." It takes a revealing flash like this one at the bus meeting, however, to bring home to us the fact that the show Jimmy was putting on for the customers was not all dialogue and gag; that it also had plot and action.

UNDER cover of the mayor's nifties an unprecedented amount of business was actually transacted.

"Despite his attacks of wanderlust and his devotion to pleasure," observed Critic Pringle, "he has been making definite progress."

One reason for his progress was his gift for "skimming lightly through the blooming fields of municipal minutiæ, never missing a daisy"; another—and, in these critical days, a too-often-forgotten reason—was that "he knew, within a few months after taking office, as much as the diligent Hylan had been able to accumulate in years of grinding toil."

Jimmy is himself to blame if we forget, as we sometimes do, that beneath his cleverness there is real intelligence. It is only fair, however, to record that his quickness was not confined to repartee but extended to his grasp of the city's business.

Even so solemn a critic as the Outlook conceded that "Jimmy translates the problems of municipal government into simple, musical-comedy terms that the average person understands. In his hands they become problems that can be solved with a jig and a jest."

Of course all this City Hall stuff cut into Jimmy's time terribly. The week-end was little more than a thin slit between a Saturday-night banquet and a Monday-morning "greet." And during the week it was difficult to find time for relaxation, even at night. Often he was obliged to attend three and four banquets in an evening. Invariably arriving late at the first one, he seldom escaped from the last until after midnight. So it was pretty late—or early—when what might be called his private life began.

The newspaper boys knew all this. They knew that the mayor was burning the electric light at both switches, and they did their best to "cover up" for him. It was sporting of them to try to conceal the unfortunate results of the mayor's attempts to observe the twenty-four-hour day. It was fun, too, to joke about it. But it wasn't so good for citizens who had business to transact with the city; and, in time, it wouldn't be so good for Jimmy's reputation with those citizens.

"Often," complained the Nation, "he appeared so tired and cross from his labors of the previous day or night that he hardly seemed to know what was going on."

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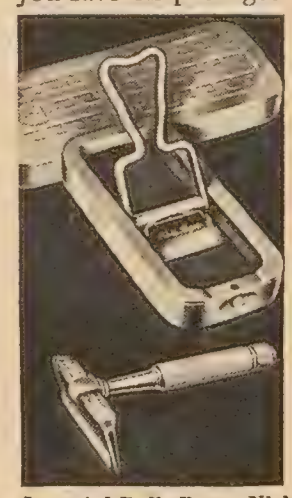

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Even the mayor realized that things couldn't run on like this indefinitely. "I'm not as young as I was," he sighed, as he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, after an all-night celebration, to begin his day's work. Then, with a quick return to the lifted eyebrow and the irrepressible sideways smile, he added: "However, I am glad to be of service."

Whereupon he went to Europe!

There was a good deal of "bunk" about that trip to Europe; and a fair share of it concerned his wife.

For some time now Jimmy and Allie had borne up wonderfully under the pangs of what appeared to be virtual separation. It is hard to see how an ocean or two between them would have made much difference. But perhaps Jimmy was a little self-conscious about his impending inauguration as Mayor of Europe. Anyhow, he dug up Allie and took her with him.

The next move, naturally, was to let the world know through the tabloids just how domestic the trip was to be. Allie and Jimmy must be photographed side by side at the boat-deck rail in the very act of waving united farewells to friends and neighbors. This wasn't so easy as it seems; for the Berengaria sailed at one o'clock in the morning, when news photographs are not so good. The situation would have stumped a less devoted husband and mayor; but not Jimmy. He had Allie down there for nearly an hour the day before the actual sailing, waving farewells for the benefit of the assembled cameramen and an otherwise empty dock.

"What is this?" the good-natured Allie complained at last. "A permanent wave?"

The then Mrs. Jimmy, as you see, was not so slow at pulling nifties herself. Another thing she had in common with her husband was a passionate fear lest she have to say:

"I haven't a thing to wear—not a thing!"

After the Walker debacle, Hattie Carnegie, New York dressmaker de luxe, sued Jimmy for $14,000 worth of clothing allegedly purchased by his wife; and Sommers the shoeman put in a little bill for $2,141.20, which was said to be part of Mrs. Walker's purchases over a period of about a year and four months.

One day in August, 1931, according to Sommers, Mrs. Walker's purchases totaled $790—for eighteen pairs of shoes and two pairs of mules. Only two pairs of mules, you say? Yes; but they cost seventy dollars!

Mules at thirty-five dollars a pair and linen sandals at the same figure were apparently Allie's all-time lows. White lizard shoes were listed at forty-two dollars; white satin ones at seventy-five.

It is not important to follow her footsteps on their European tour. Except for certain official and photographic appearances, it was chiefly a shopping tour. The spotlight, as usual, followed the mayor, who relapsed straightway into normalcy.

Sitting in the ship's smoking room, where he presided over the nightly gamble on the day's run, he radioed his friend George Silzer, ex-Governor of New Jersey, to "have another." Deputed to give out the prizes for the girls' deck sports, he kissed the first winner, who happened to be a little girl of ten.

"It wasn't his fault," someone remarked, "that the next nine prize winners were pretty young women!"

Mayor Jimmy irresistible abroad—stopping traffic in London, appreciating the beers of Germany, charming Mussolini, captivating the Parisians—will be recalled in next week's installment. It will follow him home to "crash the front page" regularly, even in the most sensational year of the jazz age. Remember how he publicly went "on the wagon," out-carnivaled the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, lent vivacity to Hollywood itself? Remember about his splendiferous wardrobe, the early rumors of a serious complication in his private life? Of all that and much more Mr. Collins will remind you next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What are the only territorial possessions of France in North America?

2—Who was Crœsus?

3—What state is known as the Wolverine State?

4—What was the real name of George Eliot?

5—Who was the inventor of the steam hammer?

6—When and where was Benito Mussolini born?

7—What is numismatics?

8—Who is credited with the founding of England's navy?

9—Who was the vice president of the Confederate States?

10—What is the Eucharist?

11—What and where is Rio de Oro?

12—What does the name Patrick mean?

13—What country suffered the greatest average loss in the World War?

14—Who is said to have made the first map of the world?

15—What bridge has the longest span in the world?

16—What states are officially known as commonwealths?

17—What city is the center of the cotton industry in England?

18—What poem immortalized a strategical mistake in the Crimean War?

19—Which ingredient gives beer its characteristic bitter flavor?

20—What does the motto of the U. S. Marine Corps, Semper Fidelis, mean?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

Hearts and Swords

A Stirring Novel of Bold Deeds and Lovely Women in the Glamorous Venice of Yesterday

By RAFAEL SABATINI

(Reading time: 27 minutes 35 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and intrigue in the twilight days of old Venice. Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, exiled peer of France, under the name of Mr. Melville journeys to Venice as an agent of Mr. Pitt, Prime Minister of England. En route he meets Lebel, emissary of the Directory, who had ordered him guillotined at Tours, from which sentence Marc-Antoine had escaped by bribery. A fight ensues. Lebel is killed and Marc-Antoine takes his papers. He represents himself to the French ambassador Lallemant as Lebel, and to the English ambassador as Mr. Melville. Later he visits Count Pizzamano, whose beautiful daughter, Isotta, with whom he had an understanding, believes him dead. He finds that she is now engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, an impecunious noble. Marc-Antoine meets Vendramin, who promises to see him soon. The next day Isotta, wearing a mask, calls, and as Marc-Antoine holds her in his arms the door of his apartment is opened suddenly, and he sees the landlord and another man peering at them.

Part Three—The Woman Agent

MARC-ANTOINE stooped to pick up Isotta's fan and mask. In her panic she almost snatched the white visor and hurriedly, with fumbling fingers, readjusted it.

"Someone is there," she whispered. "How am I to go?"

"Whoever it is will not venture to hinder you," he promised her, and stepping to the door he flung it wide. On the threshold the landlord waited, a tall brave figure at his side.

"Here is a lord who will not be denied, sir," Battista explained himself. "He says he is a friend and expected."

It was Vendramin who stood there, broadly smiling as if with infinite unpleasant understanding.

"Ah, but the fool did not say you had a lady with you!"

Marc-Antoine stood stiff and straight, admirably masking his deep irritation.

"It is no matter. Madame is on the point of going."

Isotta, responsive to his glance, was already moving toward the door. Vendramin stood aside to give her passage. She swept past him and out, leaving no more behind her than a faint perfume, which the Venetian greedily inhaled.

When the landlord had departed in her wake, Vendramin closed the door and came breezily to clap Marc-Antoine on the shoulder.

"O my Englishman! You lose no time, in faith. Scarce twenty-four hours in Venice, and already you show a knowledge of its ways that is not usually acquired in weeks. *Morbleu*, there's more of the Frenchman about you than the accent."

And Marc-Antoine, to cover that retreat, to avoid the birth of the least suspicion of the truth, must feed the obvious foulness of this rakehell's mind by pretending the levity with which it credited him.

"It is lonely for a man in a foreign country. We must do what we can. You told the landlord that you were expected?"

"You'll not pretend to have forgotten it? The last thing I said to you last night, when you landed here, was that I would come and take you to Florian's this morning. And you are not yet dressed. This négligé—Ah, yes, of course, the lady—"

Marc-Antoine turned away, dis-

sembling disgust. "I have but to don a coat and my walking shoes. I will be with you at once." And so saying he left the salon to pass into his bedroom beyond.

Messer Vendramin, smiling and nodding at the picture his imagination conjured of the doings he had interrupted, sauntered slowly toward the balcony. Something grated under his foot. He stooped and picked up an object that in size and shape was like the half of a large pea. The sunlight struck a dull glow from it as it lay in his palm. It was either a piece of blue glass worth nothing or else a cabochon sapphire worth perhaps ten sequins. He looked over his shoulder. The door to the bedroom was closed. He continued his walk to the balcony. There he stood contemplating the jewel for a moment. A malicious little smile took shape on his full lips as he realized that he held a clue. It would be amusing if chance were to lead him one day to find the indiscreet owner. The smile broadened as he dropped the fragment into his waistcoat pocket.

Chapter IX—His Serenity

PAST the majestic portal of Santa Maria della Salute and across the Basin of St. Mark they were borne in Vendramin's gondola, a black vessel with the funereal exterior trappings which the old sumptuary laws ordained, but enriched within the felze—the little cabin amidships—by delicate carvings, little painted escutcheons, and wide cushions covered in leather that was wrought with scrollwork in gold and ultramarine and red. Whilst of no startling extravagance, yet for a pauper patrician it seemed to Marc-Antoine too much.

Ser Leonardo presented something of a problem to him. But, for that matter, so did all Venice as he saw it that morning. The mood of the Venetians, populace, burghers, and patricians, seemed as serene as the blue dome of heaven overhead, without apparent care or even thought for the black clouds massing on the political horizon and the distant mutterings of a storm that might at any moment overwhelm them.

They came to Florian's, on the shady side of the Piazza, and appropriated one of the few tables that remained untenanted in the open. Here among the fashionable loungers of both sexes circled itinerant merchants hawking pictures, Eastern rugs, trinkets of gold and silver, little gems of Murano glass, and the like. Of the poverty which, in her decadence, was consuming ever more swiftly the entrails of the state, there was no sign upon the glittering surface here displayed.

If, thought Marc-Antoine, the Serenissima was indeed, as some had diagnosed, upon her deathbed, she would die as she had lived, in luxury and laughter. Thus, we are told, had the Greek republics perished.

He sipped his coffee, listened indifferently to the chatter of the amiable Ser Leonardo, and gave his real attention to the pattern woven before his eyes by the shifting loungers.

From time to time Ser Leonardo would point out a person of distinction in their environment. But there was only one who arrested Marc-Antoine's attention: a sturdy, swarthy little man of middle age, in a black wig and a rusty coat; a man with observant questing eyes, and the hint of a sneer about his tight-lipped mouth. Not only did he sit alone, but in a loneliness made conspicuous by the empty tables immediately about him, as if he bore some disease upon him of which others avoided the infection. Upon being informed that he was Cristofero Cristofoli, a well known agent of the Council of Ten, Marc-Antoine wondered what was to be discovered by a spy whom everybody knew.

MARC-ANTOINE nodded without comment, evasive of the persistent questions with which the Venetian still sought to probe him. He discounted the repugnance which Vendramin inspired in him, lest some of it should result from a jealous resentment which he had not been human and a lover had he not experienced.

So when they parted at last it was without much progress made on either side in knowledge of the other, but with effusive promises from Vendramin to seek him shortly again and be his guide and sponsor to Venetian society.

Marc-Antoine hailed a gondola at the steps of the Piazzetta, and was borne away to San Daniele and Count Pizzamano.

Later in the afternoon the count carried him off to the Casa Pesaro, where Lodovico Manin resided. The Doge was awaiting them in a richly hung chamber that served him for a workroom.

Marc-Antoine bowed before a man of seventy who inclined toward obesity, whose scarlet gown was caught about his loose bulging loins by a girdle set with gems of price. His head was covered by a velvet cap worn instead of a wig. Marc-Antoine looked into a large pallid face with sagging cheeks and very dark lacklustre eyes under heavy tufted black brows.

The aquiline nose had been thickened by age; the upper of the heavy lips protruded, adding an expression that was almost foolish to the general weariness of his unimpressive countenance.

The count presented Marc-Antoine as Mr. Melville, a gentleman of consequence in the world, whom he had known intimately in London and for whom he was in every way prepared to answer. Mr. Melville came to Venice charged with a mission from his Britannic Majesty's government upon which he would leave him to speak for himself.

Evidently no better credentials were required, for Lodovico Manin, turning upon Mr. Melville those dark eyes of his in which apprehension seemed to deepen, formally announced himself honoured and at Mr. Melville's service.

"It is irregular, perhaps, that I should receive thus in private a gentleman who clearly comes to me as an envoy extraordinary. But these sad, anxious times and the persuasion of my friend Count Pizzamano will perhaps justify me. I scarcely know. There is so much nowadays to bewilder us. However, sir, be seated and let us talk."

With quiet impressiveness, and making it clear that his words were the words of Mr. Pitt, Marc-Antoine spoke of the French menace to all Europe, and of the urgent need in the interests of civilization that all should unite against this common enemy.

Back in their gondola after an hour's talk, the count was grimly bitter. "I told you it was an evil day for Venice when she elected a Friulian to Doge. You have

seen him. He will pray, he will have masses said, he will burn candles, rather than levy men and arm them. Always will he put his trust in alien help: in Austria's or in Heaven's. But we have still some Venetians left, like Francesco Pesaro, who from the outset has demanded that we arm and unite with our friends. And the Barnabotti shall stiffen them. This is a matter for Vendramin. The time for action has arrived."

On the whole Marc-Antoine could give himself peace. He might, had he chosen, account his mission accomplished, having apprised the Doge of his advices. But he did not yet choose so to account it. Therefore the next day saw him waiting once more upon Lallemant and discovering abundant reasons for remaining in Venice.

He had been busy, he announced. In his pretended character of Mr. Melville he had seen the British ambassador, who mistrusted him and therefore would do nothing to assist him.

"That man," said Lallemant, "would mistrust his own mother."

They laughed together, and Marc-Antoine proceeded. He had found, however, in the Senator Count Pizzamano, a member of the Council of Ten, one who believed in him well enough to sponsor him to the Doge. He had seen Manin. Such a man need give them no anxieties.

The ambassador cordially agreed. He was contemptuous of the Venetian government and of Venetian patricians generally. They lived, in his view, upon the illusion of the greatness of the past and refused to see what was happening about them.

"As in the case of all nations sweeping to the last stage of decay, she multiplies public offices and takes upon herself the burden of maintaining more and more of her pauper subjects. It is as if a man finding himself impoverished hopes to combat it by undertaking to maintain his needy relatives."

This brought him naturally to speak of the Barnabotti, and again to mention Vendramin.

"That one at least," said Marc-Antoine, "displays no sign of poverty."

Lallemant's broad face broke into creases of amusement. "Why, no. We see to that."

Marc-Antoine breathed more quickly. "He is in your pay?"

"Not yet. But it's only a question of time." The shrewd eyes were amused. "He's important to us. If it comes to a struggle in the Council between our aims and those of the Austrophiles, the issue, believe me, will lie with the man who can control the vote of the Barnabotti. Vendramin is that man and I mean to buy him."

"That is well conceived. But if he will not sell?"

Lallemant's tone was confident. "There are ways of compelling such men, and—faith!—I have no compunction. The vicomtesse has charge of the affair."

"The vicomtesse?"

Lallemant was impatient of his dullness. "Why, your vicomtesse, of course. Shrewd of you to have her pass for an émigrée. A clever little baggage."

"Oh, that!" said Marc-Antoine, whilst wondering who the devil she was and how the devil he was to discover. "Oh, yes. Clever enough."

He dared ask no questions.

Chapter X—Faro

IT would be a couple of days later when Leonardo Vendramin again sought Mr. Melville, and was charmed to discover a warmth in the welcome offered him by this Englishman whom hitherto he had found so reserved and cold.

Vendramin came to fulfill his promise to show Mr. Melville something of Venetian society, and carried him off to the Casino del Leone, near St. Mark's, one of those little resorts, some owned privately and some in the nature of clubs, which had sprung up to replace

Her hands crashed a discordant jangle from the keys, her head sank forward, and Isotta was bowing over the instrument and sobbing bitterly.

the ridotto, those fashionable assembly rooms abolished by the Council of Ten nearly twenty years ago. But the gaming which had been the main cause of the existence of the ridotto, and the scandals connected with which had led to its suppression, was the main reason for the existence now of most of these casini.

Mr. Melville discovered something vaguely unwholesome and repellent in this resort of voluptuaries, this temple of frivolity and inconsequence, so incongruously set up, as it seemed to him, upon the crust of a volcano from which an eruption might shatter it at any moment.

Illustrations by JOHN FALTER

He was rescued by Ser Leonardo from the light persiflage of Donna Leonora Dolfin, and swept away to the faro room, which Vendramin described as the inner temple. On the threshold their way was blocked by a sturdy dark-haired young man, pallid of face and with dark restless eyes, who in extravagance of dress outvied even Vendramin himself.

SER LEONARDO presented him as "Fortune's most insistent and audacious gallant," a description which the young man, whose name was Rocco Terzi, repudiated with a laugh of some bitterness.

"Present to him Fortune rather as the most obdurate and unyielding of all the objects of my wooing."

"What would you, Rocco? You know the proverb: 'Lucky in love—'" He took him by the arm. "Come you back, my friend. Men unlucky in themselves will often invite the luck for others. Stand by me for five minutes whilst I punt. You will permit it, Monsieur Melville?"

"The experiment will interest me," said Marc-Antoine.

Decorations by
MONTE CREWS

The five minutes grew to ten without, apparently, Ser Leonardo being aware of it. When they had grown to twenty he was probably not even aware that he kept a guest waiting. Guest and the world and time were forgotten in the battle he was fighting against persistent losses.

Marc-Antoine's companion yawned wearily.

They occupied a rose-brocaded settle ranged against a wall away from the faro table, beyond which, well in their view, sat Ser Leonardo, flushed and desperate.

"You see the luck I bring him," growled Rocco Terzi. "I don't function even as a charm. The goddess not only hates me—she hates my friends." He stood up, stretching his limbs a little. "My only compensation for the flaying I have endured this afternoon lies in the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you, Monsieur Melville.

Marc-Antoine looked into a large pallid face with sagging cheeks and dark lack-lustre eyes under heavy tufted brows.

"We shall meet again, I hope. I am commonly to be found here. If you will ask for me it will be an honour. Rocco Terzi, sir, your very humble servant."

He sauntered out, with a nod here and there, his restless, uneasy, deep-set eyes being everywhere at once.

Marc-Antoine sat down again, to wait.

Vendramin was losing steadily, and in a measure as he lost his methods grew more obstinately reckless.

Marc-Antoine set his losses at between two and three hundred ducats before the gamester's diminishing stakes implied that the end of his immediate resources was being reached. He announced it when he set a modest ten gold sequins on a card.

"My last stake for today if it is a losing one."

And a losing one it proved.

He pushed back his chair and wearily rose. He came round to Marc-Antoine with dragging feet.

"The worst of my cursed luck is that I must cease to play at a time when by all the laws of chance the tide should turn."

"There are no laws of chance," said Marc-Antoine.

They were the idlest words. But Ser Leonardo chose to perceive in them a challenge. "A heresy! Lend me a hundred ducats, if you have them at hand, and I will prove it."

It happened that Marc-Antoine had the money. Vendramin took the rouleau with a short word of thanks, and in a moment was back at the table punting again.

BUT in ten minutes, pale now and feverish of eye, he was once more staking his last ten sequins. And once more it proved a losing one, so that the borrowed money was consumed.

But before that final card was turned a slight wisp of a woman in palest violet, with golden hair piled high and almost innocent of powder, no doubt from pride in its natural bright colour, had come to take her stand behind Vendramin. Marc-Antoine had not observed her entrance; but he observed her now, for she was a woman to take the eye of any man, delicately exquisite as a piece of Dresden porcelain and looking as fragile.

She watched the turn of the card, craning her slender neck a little, but her blue eyes were steady and her fan moved gently to and fro beneath a countenance quietly composed. She even smiled at the muttered oath with which Vendramin greeted his loss.

Then her hand descended suddenly upon his shoulder as if to detain him in his seat.

He looked up and round to meet a reassuring smile. From a brocaded bag she carried she drew a rouleau which she placed beside him on the green table.

"Of what avail?" he asked. "My luck is out."

"O coward!" she laughed. "Will you own defeat? It is endurance that wins the day in all things."

He resumed, staking heavily, wildly, losing steadily, until once more all was gone. But even then she would not let him rise. "I have an order here for two hundred on Vivanti's bank. Countersign it and take the money. You'll repay me from your winnings."

"My angel! My guardian angel!" he apostrophized her tenderly, and bawled to a lackey for pen and ink, whilst the play went on.

At first he lost. But at last the

tide turned. His winnings were piled before him like a rampart when the banker at last announced that he had had enough. At this, Vendramin would have swept up his winnings and departed; but that temptress stayed him.

"Will you insult Fortune when she smiles so winningly? My friend, for shame! Make a bank with what you have."

He hesitated; but he had not the strength to conquer a temptation that was supported by her pleading glance.

The bank he made ran steadily in favour of the punters. Swiftly the piled rouleaux diminished, and Vendramin, livid, fevered, the urbanity all departed out of him, played anxiously and greedily.

In the lady who had spurred the gamester to this folly Marc-Antoine had little doubt that he beheld the mysterious vicomtesse of whom Lallemant had spoken, the lady upon whom, according to Lallemant, Lebel had bestowed a title so as to facilitate her activities as a secret agent.

Had he not been expected at the Casa Pizzamano and already in danger of being late, he would have lingered if only to make her acquaintance. But the game looked as if it would continue for hours. He rose quietly, and quietly withdrew, his departure unnoticed.

Chapter XI—The Grand Council

SUCH was the reluctance of Lodovico Manin to any sort of decisive action that ten days passed before the meeting of the Grand Council which there was such urgency to convene.

Meanwhile letters from Barras arrived for Lebel and were handed to Marc-Antoine by Lallemant. Beyond a general confirmation of instructions they contained one only matter of fresh interest. Whilst friendly relations with the Serenissima were at all costs to be maintained, yet it might be desirable to allow her a glimpse of the iron hand within the velvet glove. Not only toward this end but also because in itself desirable, the Directors were considering representations to Venice on the subject of the sojourn in Verona of the ci-devant Comte de Provence who now called himself Louis XVIII.

The hospitality extended to him by the Serenissima might be construed as hostile to France, since from Verona the soi-disant King Louis XVIII was actively intriguing against the French Republic. Barras was proposing to demand his expulsion from Venetian territory.

The days that followed were days of observant waiting for that meeting of the Grand Council which promised to be so momentous. When at last it met, Marc-Antoine was in the Piazza, mingling with the excited crowd, noting its humour and inferring for himself the general hostility of the populace toward the French.

But it was not until that night at the Casa Pizzamano that he was informed of what occurred.

Vendramin was there, flushed with triumph. From the tribune of the vast hall of the Grand Council his rich voice had that day eloquently denounced the Senate's neglect to put the country in a posture of defence. Governors had been appointed: a proveditor of the mainland, a proveditor of the lagoons, a proveditor of this and a proveditor of that; but of effective preparation, as they now saw, there had been none.

Then he had trumpeted forth a phrase: "Prudence may be a virtue; but it becomes a vice in a situation calling for energy and audacity." Whilst the effect of this epigram was upon his patrician audience he formulated in detail his demand that troops be raised overseas and brought at once to garrison the cities of the Venetian mainland; that arms be furnished by supply and manufacture; that the Lido forts be properly armed and manned, and that the same be done by the ships of the Serenissima: in short, that all measures be instantly taken to provide for a state of war to which the Most Serene Republic, despite her ardent and laudable desire for peace, might at any moment find herself constrained.

WHEN he descended from the tribune, a sense of awe pervaded the great patrician multitude under that fabulous ceiling with its gildings of purest gold leaf and its treasures from the brushes of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese.

In that general awe no voice was raised to oppose his demand. Moreover, it was known that the Barnabotti, of whom there were close upon three hundred present, had been marshalled by Vendramin to support him. So no vote was taken.

Lodovico Manin, trembling in his ducal chlamys, his countenance grey under the corno—the jewelled gold cap of his princely office—announced briefly and in a lifeless voice that was lost in those vast spaces that the Senate would take steps at once to carry out the wishes of the Grand Council, and for the rest he prayed God and Our Lady to have them in their holy keeping.

Hence, that night, the count's caressing manner toward Vendramin; hence the unusual civility toward him of Domenico, who had come from the Fort of Sant' Andrea di Lido to attend the Grand Council; and hence too, perhaps, the increasing wistfulness which Marc-Antoine detected in Isotta, whose doom must seem to her by this triumph of Vendramin's to have been rendered more inevitable than ever.

After supper, when they sought in the loggia the cool of the summer night, she hung behind and took her way alone to the harpsichord placed under the window at the long room's other end. The strains of a sweetly melancholy air of Cimarosa's broke forth under her fingers, as if in expression of her mood.

Marc-Antoine, intolerably urged to bear her comfort, quietly rose and, whilst the others were engrossed in their talk of the day's event and of the things to follow from it, went to join her.

Since that morning when so audaciously she had sought him at his lodgings they had not exchanged above a dozen words. But the terms in which she now greeted him were an allusion to his last utterance in that clandestine interview:

"You may order the requiem now, my Marc."

Facing her across the instrument, he actually smiled.

"Not while the body lives! I never trust appearances alone."

"There is more than the appearance here. Leonardo has performed what was required. Soon now he will claim payment."

"Soon he may not be in a position to claim it."

Her hands fell idle on the keys. Then, lest the interruption should be observed, she resumed, and, with the melody to mask her words, she questioned him:

"What do you mean?"

He had spoken upon impulse, uttering more than he intended. Of the glimpse he had obtained of the trap

which Lallemant was baiting for the Barnabotti leader, it was not yet for him to speak. Just as he saw no reason in honour to raise a finger to frustrate Lallemant's scheme for the seduction of Vendramin, so he also felt in honour that he could do nothing to promote it.

"Merely that life is uncertain. Too often we forget it, preparing for joys that perish on the way or trembling at evils that never reach us."

"Is that all, Marc?" He caught the disappointment in her voice. "This evil, this—horror, my dear, is already on the threshold."

Her hands crashed a discordant jangle from the keys, her head sank forward, and Isotta, whom none had ever seen other than calmly proud and self-contained, was bowing over the instrument and sobbing like a hurt child.

THE others came hastening down the room, Donna Leocadia leading in a flutter of concern. As she put her arms about her child, Vendramin, his brow black with anger, was glaring at Marc-Antoine.

"What have you said to her?" he demanded fiercely.

"Said to her?" Marc-Antoine raised his eyebrows. "Said to her? God forgive you, Monsieur Vendramin, for supposing me capable of words that will draw tears from a lady."

"That is an evasion," began the furious answer, when Domenico thrust between them.

"Are you mad, Leonardo?"

Isotta rose, collected now before this need to be collected. "You make me ashamed. It is only that I am not so well. I will go now, mother. And you, Leonardo, you will apologize to Monsieur Melville for your expressions. That I ask you to do so will be your assurance that they are unjustifiable."

When mother and daughter had departed, Vendramin made shift to obey Isotta's injunction. Marc-Antoine cut the apology short:

"No more, I beg. The motive is all. And your motives on Isotta's behalf make resentment impossible."

"On my soul, that's generous," cried Vendramin.

"No. Oh, no. Merely logical."

"You leave me in your debt nevertheless."

The count, protesting that here was a deal of turmoil because a girl was feeling indisposed, drew Vendramin back to the cool of the loggia.

Domenico detained Marc-Antoine.

"Marc, my friend, are you not being imprudent? You don't misunderstand me? You know that if I could change the course of things I would not spare myself."

Marc-Antoine was short. "I will study to be prudent, Domenico."

"You see," the young soldier continued, "there is Isotta to consider. Already her fate is hard enough."

"Ha! You perceive that, do you? If you feel so much for Isotta, why do you do nothing?"

It's really a *pleasure* to take!

WHEN you need a laxative, wouldn't you rather take a piece of delicious chocolate than something bitter and nasty?

Of course you would! And millions of people feel the same way about it. That's why they use Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative.

Ex-Lax doesn't taste a bit like medicine. No spoons! No bottles! No bitter or messy medicines! It's just like eating delicious chocolate.

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Success always starts a lot of imitations. So watch out!

Be sure to ask for *genuine* Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. Over 50,000 druggists sell Ex-Lax—and recommend it.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

What killed the Canary?

"IT'S as plain as the pipe in your face," the wife insisted, and she was right. But no canary ever fainted from *good* tobacco smoke.

Husbands, let this be a lesson. Give that musty old briar "the bird." Pick yourself a good pipe . . . and a good, mild smoking tobacco. Specifically, try Sir Walter Raleigh's satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys kept fresh by gold foil. It has marched to the front in four years. And it has marched pipe smoking to the front of the house because of its fine fragrance and richness, which men and their wives so greatly admire. Any tobacco store will sell you this tobacco that will turn the saddest canary into a bluebird of happiness.

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

"Can I invoke a father's curse by attempting to frustrate this marriage? You see how my father fawns upon him tonight, after the proof he has given of his power with his own class. That is the expression of my father's love for Venice. Against that selfless passion of patriotism it is idle to contend. We must bow, Marc." He pressed his friend's arm.

"Oh, I am bowing. But whilst I bow I watch."

"For what?"

"For a gift from the gods. Meanwhile, remember that I too am serving Venice. My reward may lie in that in serving Venice I shall also have served myself." Abruptly he changed his tone. "Come, let us join them, lest Vendramin should suppose that I bear resentment."

But Domenico still detained him. "They tell me you are a deal together: you and he."

"I don't know what may be in your mind, but the truth of that is that it is by his seeking."

Chapter XII—The Vicomtesse

BATTISTA, the landlord of the Inn of the Swords, had procured a valet for Mr. Melville: a Frenchman named Philibert, who was an excellent hairdresser.

Philibert was at his duties on the head of his new master; to be particular, he was in the act of shaving him.

Upon the intimate operation Messer Vendramin, very brave in lilac taffeta, intruded. He strolled in familiarly, swinging a gold-headed cane, and found himself a chair by the dressing table.

"I shall take you today," Vendramin announced, "to one of the most elegant and exclusive casini in Venice: that of the exquisite Isabella Teotochi. You'll have heard of her?"

Mr. Melville had not. He remained passive.

"I take you there at the request of a very entrancing lady who has remarked you and desires your acquaintance: a very dear and charming friend of mine, the Vicomtesse de Saulx."

Razor in hand, Philibert leapt back with a cry of dismay. "Ah, *Dieu de Dieu!*" His voice was soft no longer. "Not in twenty years has such a thing happened to me. Never shall I forgive myself, monsieur. Never!"

A crimson stain suffusing the lather spread on Mr. Melville's cheek explained the valet's anguish.

Vendramin was pouring abuse upon the luckless Frenchman: "Clumsy maladroit lout! You should be caned for that, by God! What the devil are you? A valet or a butcher?"

Mr. Melville was languid, yet with a hint of sternness.

"If you please, sir. If you please." He took a corner of the towel and dabbed the gash. "It's not a question of whether you can forgive yourself, Philibert, but whether you can forgive me for having spoilt the record of your twenty years. The fault is mine, my friend. I was drowsing, and I started under your hand."

"Oh, monsieur! Oh, monsieur!" Philibert's tone expressed the inexpressible.

Mr. Melville's question to Vendramin announced that the subject was closed:

"You were speaking, Ser Leonardo, of a lady, I think; of a lady to whom you are to present me. You named her, did you not?"

"Why, yes. The Vicomtesse de Saulx. You will be glad to meet her."

"I can think of no one who would interest me more," said Mr. Melville.

Vendramin looked at him sharply. "You will have heard of her?"

"The name is extraordinarily familiar."

"She is an émigrée. The widow of the Vicomte de Saulx who was guillotined in the Terror."

So that was it! This would be the vicomtesse of Lebel's creation. That went far to explain the title chosen. Considering Lebel's connection with Saulx, this would be the first that would occur to him. Of the danger attached to meeting her in his present circumstances he could only judge when he had met her. And since in any case it would be his duty to denounce her for a spy, she would not remain a danger to him long.

In next week's installment you will read of Marc-Antoine's meeting with the woman who is posing as his widow.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—St. Pierre and Miquelon, near Newfoundland.
2—Last King of Lydia, who gained great wealth.
3—Michigan.
4—Mary Ann Evans.
5—James Nasmyth, a Scotch engineer, on November 24, 1839 who was born in Edinburgh, August 19, 1808.
6—In the year 1883, at Dovia, Province of Forli, Italy.
7—The science of coins and medals.
8—Alfred the Great.
9—Alexander H. Stephens.
10—The sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
11—A Spanish possession on the west coast of Africa.
12—Noble; a patrician.
13—Russia, with 76.3 casualties of men under arms.
14—Anaximander, a Greek, 619 B. C. is the first on record.
15—The George Washington Bridge across the Hudson at New York with a span of 3,500 feet.
16—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Virginia.
17—Manchester.
18—The Charge of the Light Brigade.
19—Hops.
20—Always Faithful.

TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

John McCormack

(Reading time: 4 min. 20 sec.)

IN Ireland fifty years ago there lived two families of neighbors, and in each family there was only one person who could sing at all, at all. The singing person in one family was a girl. In the other family it was a boy. So they got married—and gave us John McCormack.

They were his mother and father.

The great Irish-American singer told me this little story of his origin just before he and Mrs. McCormack (she was Lily Foley of Dublin) sailed off to Europe to attend their daughter's wedding. Daughter Gladys had called them up over the transatlantic telephone to tell them she was engaged. I don't think Mr. McCormack cared very much for that modern form of announcement. He's a believer in old-fashioned romance. (Two years he wooed Lily Foley; they have been married twenty-seven years.) Yet he does not doubt that our rapid-transit courtships of today can bring a full measure of happiness.

I knew that he sang one time, at a Eucharistic Congress, before an audience of 1,250,000 people. I asked him what was the smallest public he ever had sung for.

"Thirteen people," he said. "That was years ago in an English town addicted to blue-law Sundays—and my concert came on a Sunday."

The old song, I Love Beauty, was the first that John McCormack ever sang, as far as he can remember. He sang it when he was eight. He still sings it.

TO cut—or not to cut—the crust off your cheese? The reader who wants to know about this is referring to such cheese as Camembert or Liederkranz. "When it is served at the table with the crust on," she asks, "do polite people take their little dessert knives and cut the crust off?"

I'll begin by saying that real gourmets usually eat it crust and all. Never chop off all the crust. Scrape it delicately if you don't like the taste of the outside.

But when cheese of this type is served correctly the crust is not strong. The whole cheese *must* be soft—oozy soft. It should never be very cold—no colder than room temperature.

A FRIEND from St. Louis has been telling me about a woman out there who married three men, divorced two. This summer she nearly lost her third.

I am told she's a restless, willful lady, always chasing some new rainbow. In a single year she once tried going on the stage, learning Sanskrit, and modeling garden sculpture. What was more, she expected her husbands to be deeply interested in every new fad she took up.

After driving her first husband (he was a sales manager) nearly out of his mind, she divorced him. Hubby No. 2 (in the wholesale paper business) went the same route.

Then she married a banker—and away she sailed, on his money, to renew her pursuit of the rainbows. She hunted them all over Europe. Husband No. 3 became annoyed as the months passed by. When five of them had gone he wired her to return. She refused.

"Am divorcing you immediately on grounds of desertion," he cabled. "You are a bad investment."

Home she came on the next boat. He took her back—forgave and forgot—but has limited her new-rainbow allowance to one a year.

If this little history means anything at all, I think it may indicate that bankers are more philosophical than they used to be. And why not? They have had to make the best of so many bad investments the last few years.

HAVE you seen the new curtain rods lacquered to look like mother-of-pearl? With rings of the same material? They are lovely in a white room. Since they are ornamental in themselves, no valance is used.

A RECENT exhibit of fairy-book illustrations has reminded me how implicitly I used to believe in the "little people" when I was a child. The Irish parents of one of my playmates kept my faith alive for years. I lost my hair ribbon in their garden one day. It stayed there all night. In the morning, when I found it, I saw a tiny footprint on it.

The father of my little Irish playmate looked at it gravely. "No indeed," he said, "that's not the print of a mouse. It's the mark of a pixy's foot."

All day we walked the garden with wondering eyes. That little Irish playmate of mine was Sylvia Lynd—now a well known writer.

WHILE planning your autumn and winter wardrobe keep your eyes open for the new basqued bodices of bright damask silk. They will be very smart and becoming worn with a dark skirt. Their lines are not too extremely *Mae West-ish*. Coral and rose are the colors to watch. The striped velvets will be in also, and those I have seen are delightful. True, the ones I saw had been turned out by a master hand. Heaven only knows what they'll be like when the common run of the fabric designers start doing them.

The latest thing for evening wear is a very slim satin sheath with shell-like plaits springing from the breastbone. Plenty of taffeta gathered down under the arm seams, too. Pretty, but not the most slimming of gowns.

NO, IT'S NOT SO BAD

VINITA, OKLA.—I am a chronic reader of Liberty, and when I received my copy of the August 5 issue the first article that I read was the one by Mr. Charles Stevenson on The U. S. Is Prepared for Anything.

Three cheers for Mr. Stevenson, for that is a swell article. I am sure fed up on reading all this bunk about Japan being such a great threat to the United States. I don't believe it. It is true that Japan has a large army and navy, but on the other hand what we have isn't so bad. Please give us some more articles like Mr. Stevenson's.—*F. W. Torrey.*

HERE IS ONE TIME A NEWSPAPERMAN WAS ALL WRONG

TYGH VALLEY, ORE.—I have just read in the July 29 issue of Liberty an explanation of Lucky Tillicum by Anna Roosevelt Dall.

The definition of Tillicum given her by the newspaperman is about as close to the fact as a newspaperman usually gets, for it really is an Indian word of the Chinook jargon.

I live near an Indian reservation where Chinook is still used by both red and white races to a considerable extent.

Tillicum primarily means a friend. Also people, a man, or a person. So the inscription on the metal disk can mean Lucky Man, Lucky People, or Lucky Friend, either of which makes good sense. So you see that tillicum has no relation to the word lucky whatsoever.—*George W. Lofton.*

TULSA, OKLA.—Congratulations on your page by Mrs. Dall. It is very refreshing to see the magazine give space to the opinions and ideas of such a high-class person, who has demonstrated by her own career that she knows how to live worthily and bring out the finest human qualities.

We are very fortunate during these times to have a woman of such culture, good judgment, and intense interest in the problems of all classes, and it is inspiring to hear from her, and of her, on the radio and in the news, as often as possible.—*May Neville.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Many thanks for the Chess-Cake Pie recipe on Mrs. Dall's page in the July 29 Liberty. I have been trying to find that recipe for the better part of seventeen years. Do you not think my husband a patient man to have waited all our married life for his favorite pie?

I read Mrs. Dall's page in Liberty first, then look over the other parts of the magazine.—*Mrs. A. L. Clothier.*

JUST AN OLD RUSSIAN CUSTOM

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—An excerpt from one of the installments of Still Alive: "All we wanted to do was remain alive. One gets like that in the winter."

Of course no one cares in the spring or fall or summer!—*Edward L. Brandon.*

TRY AND COLLECT

GLENDALE, CALIF.—I have recently noticed a number of advertisements in various papers of lawn mowers, scythes, and grasscutters at greatly reduced prices, some of them for prices far below the original cost.

An ex-Republican friend of mine tells me that unquestionably these ads are originating with firms or individuals who took seriously the talks by ex-President Hoover and Ogden Mills during the last Presidential campaign, when these gentlemen so vigorously and consistently urged that "if the Democrats were successful grass would soon be growing in all of the streets of the cities and towns of our country."

Inasmuch as these statements have proved so untrue and misleading, is it not possible that these credulous and unfortunate individuals who took these orators so seriously have claims for damages against these gentlemen for causing them to overstock with these implements?—*M. B. Dudley.*

A VETERAN OF FOREIGN WARS POST COMMENDS A LIBERTY EDITORIAL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—One of the members of the Hattal-Taylor Post No. 333, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, was very much interested in your editorial of June 10, The Veterans and the New Deal. In fact, he brought it to the attention of this body at its meeting of August 3.

The facts conveyed in this article are exactly in accord with our thoughts on past and present events. In part it expresses the very object of our existence as an organization: "To care for him who has borne the battle and for his widow and orphan." This is our idea of a square deal, which will obviously have to be a new deal for the veteran.

The members of this organization are waiting patiently, and from their experiences they much prefer an orderly readjustment. Well do they realize the magnitude of our President's task and the good which has already accrued from his efforts, and they feel sure the veterans will not be forgotten by him.

This Post wishes to commend you for such a courageous and timely article and hope that you will continue your interest in the veterans' cause.—*C. W. Sowden, Commander Hattal-Taylor Post No. 333, V. F. W.*

HAMBURGER

HAMBURG, PA.—I think Liberty is the rottenest magazine published. It publishes anything, probably even this.

I read every issue.—*Ed. S. L. Miller.*

CASANOVA, the MONK

Drawn by ELWIN HENRI

"Well, you'd let a plumber in, wouldn't you?"

THE LETTER COUNTS IN THAT CONTEST

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Permit me a word of congratulation to Mr. R. Whitney, who is, according to his letter in Vox Pop of August 19, much too good for the rest of us. I trust Mr. Whitney's contest return, if duly made, will correspond to his own excellent advance notice of same. I wonder if he was equally successful with Australia and Africa.

My belief is that ordinary people will agree that the Scrambled Geography contests are decidedly difficult.

Did you consult your contest editor before publishing Mr. Whitney's letter? It's liable to discourage many fifty-per-centers, you know.

And, by the way, just how many Liberty contests has Mr. Paragon Whitney won?—*Bozo.*

MIAMI, FLA.—In answer to Mr. R. Whitney in Vox Pop of August 19, who says he unscrambled, identified, and located the thirty-five letter combinations in less than five hours—I believe him.

For I am eleven years old and unscrambled them in less than two hours!

It probably is no brain twister, so I would say that it was quite a contest for Mr. Whitney.—*Suzanne Courtney.*

A BRIGHT IDEA

DAVENPORT, IOWA—Why do you have to annoy people by sending those lovely little rejection slips?

Here is a sure way to avoid such a calamity, and also save postage for the writers. Just send them a pad of printed slips, which they can send to you with their story. The slip will read as follows;

"If this manuscript does not please the sophisticated, exasperating, highly intelligent staff of honorable readers, will you be so kind as to very nonchalantly tear the damn' thing up and throw it in the junk pile?"

There you are—see what a nice feeling that will create? And while you are at it, give my deepest sympathy to the old boys, will you?—*Wally Rohlfs.*

THAT WAS A HORSE ON YOU

SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.—If the world is as round as they say it is, why won't it roll properly?

It used to be that when a fellow took a thousand dollars' worth of trade goods out to Africa and brought back five thousand dollars in ivory he was considered a good business man. Today he would be labeled a bum for importing more than he was exporting.

You print stories about United States sergeants in German prison camps, ex-English soldiers in the French Foreign Legion, and now a former cousin or brother-in-law of the Czar's experiences in Russia and Mongolia after the revolution, and you ask us to accept them as being true. So far so good. But you spoil it all by writing up the private life of Jimmy Walker, and any damn' fool after reading your first installment would know you are not telling us the half of it.

I was driving my gas buggy along a trail south of here the other day, and I was much surprised to see a mule sitting up in the corner of a field with a smile all over his face, reading Liberty. When I got closer to investigate, I saw it was not a mule at all, but the mule's father.—*R. H. Powel.*

MULROONEY IS THE BEER CZAR NOW AND HAS NO MORE GALLERY

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Congratulations! Vox Pop pages of August 19 certainly were improved by the absence of all those mugs whose pictures you have been inflicting upon us for the past year. I always wondered if you got the pictures from Commissioner Mulrooney's rogues' gallery. Leave 'em out! We see enough funny faces at the movies.—*Pikes Peak.*

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—I won't be able to stand *very* much more of your nonsense! First you take a whole column off our Vox Pop (the best thing in Liberty). Now you want to put a dumb cartoon on our page. I've never wasted my time writing in to magazines like this, but I certainly am getting aggravated.—*Faith Scheibes.*

WE'LL DO THAT LITTLE THING

GRAVELBOURG, SASK.—Reading Liberty has been during the last several years one of the few pastimes available to me. Crop failure after crop failure since 1928—let alone the depression—has made life quite monotonous and near pleasureless. So often I forget about it and feel better by reading Liberty. Keep Liberty in the mails.—*Ernest Longpré.*

THAT A BOY, RED

FORT WORTH, TEX.—In reply to some of the fellows that are afraid to read Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's To the Ladies! in public because someone will call him a sissy. I am glad to be one of the many male readers of this good page because of the good personal sketches.

I am an athlete and I would resent being called a sissy.—*Olin (Red) Cole.*

YOUR NAME FITS YOU, JACK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I present, in gentle sympathy with your only too apparent hectic and confusing duties, this communication, which I trust will tend to soothe instead of agitate. I complain of nothing, praise everything, and have the honor of wishing you a very good day.—*Jack Fine.*

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Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly. Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY

JULY 15 WINNERS

As explained last week, because hundreds of all-correct lists were entered, prize awards in this contest resolved upon the statement of preference which was an integral part of each entry. If your list was entirely correct but you are not a winner, either you neglected to include a statement of preference or did not submit one of the sixty-four best ones. It is always good policy to fulfill ALL of the requirements of the rules of a contest.

CORRECT NAMES

MISSISSIPPI — KLONDIKE — MILWAUKEE SASKATOON — WACO— YOSEMITE —POTOMAC—LEAVENWORTH—MIAMI—OUACHITA QUEBEC—TELLURIDE—CANADA—MOSCOW CHICAGO — SKAGWAY — ERIE — UNGAVA PHOENIX—IRAPUATO—ONTARIO—MONTPELIER — SACRAMENTO — SALTILLO — OTTAWA — ALEXANDRIA — BANFF — PENSACOLA — BUFFALO — DEFIANCE — HURON — SUPERIOR — OREGON — SPOKANE — MERRIMAC

$50 FIRST PRIZE

L. L. Wilhoit, Lexington, Ky.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

J. Lester Walton, Walla Walla, Wash.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Ivern C. Jacobson, Milwaukee, Wis.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

Herman Ostrer, Allston, Mass.

TEN $5 PRIZES

T. E. Dunn, St. Andrews, N. B.; Eugene Farrell, Jamaica, N. Y.; Arthur K. Goodman, Alton, Ill.; Robert W. Gordon, Washington, D. C.; Harold M. Keen, Atlanta, Ga.; Larry Lieurance, San Francisco, Calif.; Stewart Marsh, Enid, Okla.; Colonel P. E. Prideaux, Westmount, Que.; Charles F. Saner, Pontiac, Mich.; Ruth Young, Denver, Colo.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

M. M. Adams, Springfield, Ill.; Thomas Aldred, Cambridge, Mass.; J. Howard Arnold, Montevideo, Minn.; Herbert H. Bacon, Indianapolis, Ind.; George W. Bains, Bessemer, Ala.; Ira C. Brill, Albion, Ind.

W. E. Buker, Leetsdale, Pa.; Linnie Cooper, Hamilton, Ohio; James E. Crowley, Brookline, Mass.; Roy Cunningham, Wichita, Kan.; Lincoln Darrow, Los Angeles, Calif.; Samuel Feld, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. B. M. Goldgar, Macon, Ga.; Frank Greene, Atlanta, Ga.; Robert B. Greer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. D. Greetham, Bethlehem, Pa.; Charles B. Hay, Sawtelle, Calif.; Mrs. Fay Heater, Weston, W. Va.; L. W. Henslee, Galveston, Tex.; Sara W. Hetherington, Nashville, Tenn.; Robert A. Hetz, Scranton, Pa.

W. Karl Hilbrich, Erie, Pa.; Virgil L. Holman, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Anna Jeffers, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stanley Johnson, Virginia, Minn.; Mrs. Elliott W. Jones, Webster Groves, Mo.; Douglas Kaylor, New York, N. Y.; Walter C. Long, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. C. MacNair, Miami, Fla.; Howard W. McCay, Miami, Fla.; Dr. Walter S. McClain, Cookeville, Tenn.; William McClatchey, Pueblo, Colo.; Perle McNicol, Minneapolis, Minn.; Paul E. Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lillian Monohan, Montreal, Que.; Mrs. W. R. Moore, Lancaster, S. C.; Frank Morast, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ruth Morehouse, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, Rutland, Vt.; Merle C. Palmer, Rapid City, S. D.; Mrs. H. F. Penney, Weston, Ont.; Eleanor B. Pettingill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Janet Reade, Detroit, Mich.; William F. Rowell, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Amanda D. Sims, Montgomery, Ala.; Melissa Smith, Wauchula, Fla.; George Stanley, Walla Walla, Wash.; Dr. A. J. Valleau, Morrisville, Vt.; Blake Winters, Los Angeles, Calif.; Daisy Yarnell, Mattoon, Ill.

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

SUPPLY A CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES AND WIN YOUR SHARE OF LIBERTY'S

$250

IN CASH PRIZES!

THE INTRODUCTION

A ball player bats a home run over the fence at Shibe Park, Philadelphia.

THE CONCLUSION

A new soprano makes a sensational debut at La Scala, Milan.

HOW did this happen? If you can supply one of the sixty-four best chains of circumstances explaining how the baseball episode resulted in the début of the soprano in Italy you can win one of this week's cash prizes. Why not figure out a chain of circumstances and send it in? Your chance to win one of the awards is excellent. You may capture the $50 first prize. If you miss that there are still sixty-three opportunities to get into the money.

It's easy enough to compete. All you need is some imagination, a sheet or two of plain paper, pen and ink or a typewriter. Let your imagination do the work. But stay within the bounds of credibility. Do not employ magic carpets, wishing rings, seven-league boots, or other such devices to tie your chain together. Stick to probabilities or, at least, possibilities if you would claim a share of the prize money.

This contest closes on Monday, October 2, which affords ample time to study your entry from every angle and still send it in time for consideration by the judges. Why not begin to work it out right now?

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE	
First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.

3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Penciled entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.

5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best.

The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.

6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2.

7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 2.

The Love of His LIFE

A Short Short Story

By JEAN STARK

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

"THE trouble with you modern girls," Sam said helpfully, "is your complete lack of balance. You know all the tricks before you marry. You fall madly in love, write gorgeous love letters, and wind up some months later throwing lamps at the gentleman."

Henriette leaned on her elbow on her chaise longue. Dejection covered her like the last breath of a monsoon.

"No lamps, Sam. A decanter and six lovely glasses. Grape design, etched. And I didn't throw it at him but *after* him the last time he went off without me." She sank back, exhausted. Sam was a total loss: an American, single—which meant superior about life—and he wasn't handsome enough to be sufficient consolation in this domestic crisis. "Go home and read a good book," she advised glumly. "What do you know about life? A breaking heart is just an excuse to pull a slick line you probably stole from a magazine. Go on home."

Sam stayed. Henriette was an invigorating creature, always getting into a pickle with landlords and laundrymen or being hit over the head by savage old ladies at bargain counters and hitting them back. She lived through emotional debauches, each worse than the last. Now her hitherto devoted husband was running about with an enchanting actress like Lydie Seaman—enough reason for hurling tantrums and decanters.

"Perhaps you can make him jealous by playing with me," Sam offered.

"No. Hardy knows I dote on him."

"Has he said he wants a divorce?"

"No. Probably because he's not sure yet she will have him. She's clever about her reputation. She never accepts his invitations without making it clear I must be asked too. So, being a grateful rabbit, I leave the coast clear. She can't help it if he pops up alone at her door with a bunch of roses and his heart in the middle of them."

Hardy used to be one of those handsome but crumpled giants. Not any more, though. Except for his frowzy mop, Lydie had made him over. Henriette looked at him from where she lay in bed. Hardy was getting hysterical about his tie but remembered to say, "Sorry about your headache. Lydie will miss seeing you. She thinks you're very amusing."

Henriette could have shrieked with woe. Just five months ago her darling would have rubbed her head and run for the aspirin, but now an actress with a mouthful of big white teeth was the Love of His Life.

He was leaving her flat, going downstairs to his first silk hat, imported from London. Suddenly she knew she must go with him or always after be left at home.

She sped from her quilts like a perfectly healthy gazelle, dressed feverishly, and went downstairs. But her mate had fled, having heard her coming. He'd forgotten his new hat and had slid out into the night in his old black fedora. Henriette fished the new hat delicately out of its tissue wrappings. She laid it carefully on the floor, top side up. Then she jumped on it enthusiastically. When it finally looked like an old bicycle rim, she called Sam up to take her places. They wrapped up what was left of the hat and took it with them. Henriette was now hiccuping sturdily from the excitement.

In the first speakeasy they put their feet chummily on the hat and had a gay time. Later, everywhere they went people tried to peer into the ragged parcel they carried, and the more they peered, the more the two in their cups hooted. At midnight they found themselves slightly afoul of trash barrels down by the fish piers. It had been Sam's idea to sneak up on discarded fish heads and bury the hat under them. A drunk eyed Henriette vacantly as she sobbed, and pretty soon one of the forces of law and order came out of nowhere like a heavy blimp.

"What're yez doin' to thim crates, *ha?*" he bellowed magnificently. "Yez kin take yer ould hat and bury it on Park Avenoo! We got enough thrash here! Go on now or I'll run the two of yez in for dhrunk and disorderly conduckt!"

TEN minutes later the two succeeded in dropping the hat into the East River. Sam took Henriette home. Hardy returned shortly, harassed and ashamed. Henriette was in bed again and now her headache was real.

"That Lydie Seaman!" Hardy barked crankily. "It seems if I had any respect for her, *et cetera,* I'd have worn my topper! So we fought half the night. I told her my old fedora went to better affairs than she would ever be invited to!"

"*Hic!*—humph, I mean. Well," Henriette tried to disappear under the pillows. This was fierce. She was getting tighter by the minute and more mixed up with quilts and throttled hiccups. She must act intelligent! "Well," intelligently, "what she shay?"

"Plenty! Imagine what her husband will have to endure!"

Henriette sobered, knowing that if ever Hardy fancied himself as Lydie's possible mate, he was over it.

"Say, where's my new hat?" he asked. "I can't find it."

"In the East River. You chump!"

Hardy laughed uproariously. It occurred to Henriette that it was perfect nonsense for an outraged wife to be afraid to hiccup openly in her own home, so she emerged from the pillows. Of course, she ruminated gloomily, when he finds his pretty silk bonnet is really gone forever, he may up and murder me. But at least he is home now, where he belongs—the treacherous *crocodile!*

THE END

YOUR TEETH SO MUCH *whiter* YOUR BREATH SO MUCH *sweeter*

Most of the women (and very critical women they are, too) who use Listerine Tooth Paste offer this interesting comment.

"It cleans so much better, makes my teeth so much whiter and breath so agreeable that I wouldn't use any other."

What more honest, more practical comment could be made about a dentifrice? And when you consider that more than 2,000,000 women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste in preference to more costly dentifrices, the statement must be true. The fact that they pay only 25¢ for Listerine Tooth Paste, thus saving approximately $3.00 a year over 50¢ varieties, is incidental.

Results are what you are interested in. Won't you try a tube? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)